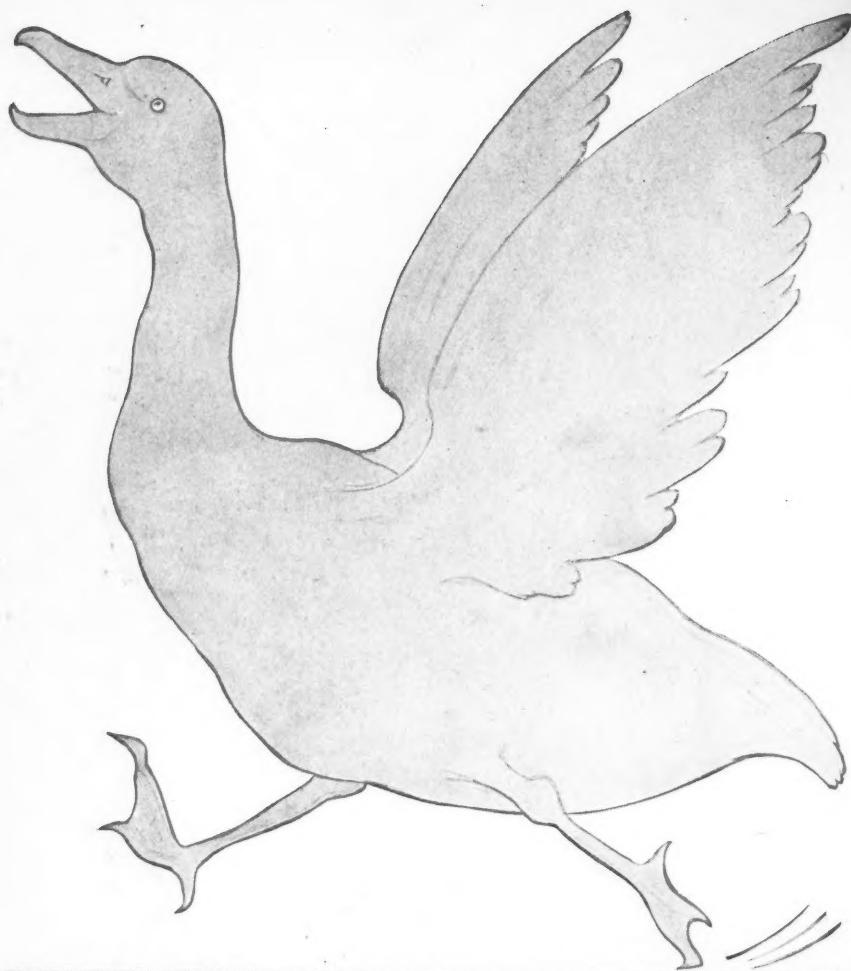


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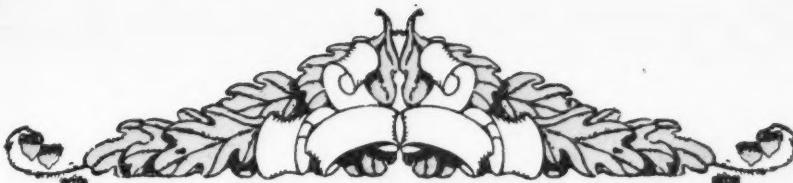




How FOOLISH IT IS
TO WASTE NEEDED ENERGY WHEN

SAPOLIO

CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES



The Master-Man

By Elbert Hubbard

THE master-man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself.

When you have mastered yourself you are fit to take charge of other people.

The master-man is a person who has evolved intelligent industry, concentration, and self-confidence until these things have become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious, useful, and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep.

Industry is a matter of habit.

We are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us. Habits young are like lion cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving; soon you will be in their power.

It is habit that chains us to the treadmill and makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others.

The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do better work. Rest means rust.

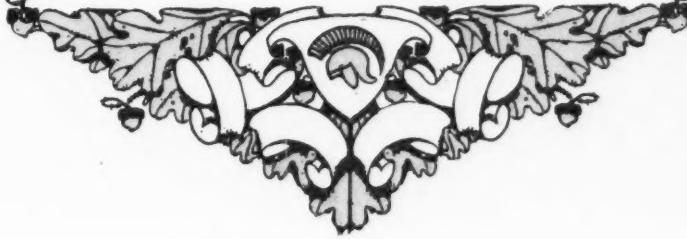
So we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental industry by doing certain things at certain hours.

The joy and satisfaction of successful effort—overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult—evolve into a habit and give concentration.

Industry and concentration fixed in character as habits mean self-confidence.

Industry, concentration, and self-confidence spell mastership.

So from the man we get the master-man.





Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. HENRI P. WERTHEIM AND CHILDREN

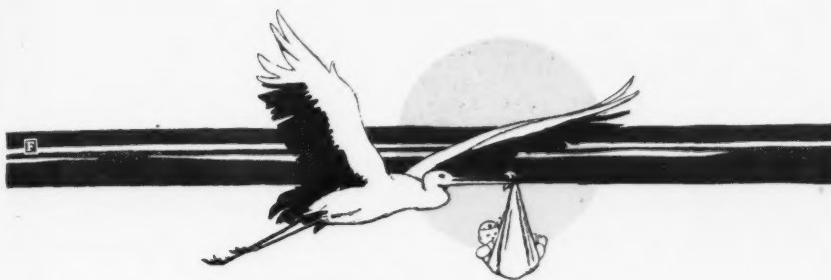
(*"Gold-Spoon Babies"*)

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Gold-Spoon Babies

THE STORK IS AGAIN BEING WELCOMED INTO THE HOMES OF THE MILLIONAIRES AND FASHIONABLE PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY. INCREASE OF BIRTH-RATE IN THE YOUNGER SOCIAL SET

By Viola Rodgers



A BEAUTIFUL British matron, the Viscountess Maitland, who visited New York a few seasons ago and was extensively entertained in many of the big Fifth Avenue homes, remarked to one of her hostesses after having been taken through that lady's magnificent new mansion: "But where is the nursery? We build our houses about our nurseries, so to speak, but here in America one must look for the nursery. Where do your débutantes come from?" she laughingly queried.

This particular hostess, to be sure, was not typical of the women who constitute New York's younger fashionable set at the present time; but the scarcity of children among the better classes of American families has been so marked that President Roosevelt has repeatedly and publicly deprecated the tendency toward what he terms race suicide and admonished the American people against

their indifference to establishing homes and assuming the responsibilities of a family.

Like a pendulum, tendencies and tastes swing back and forth, first to one extreme and then to the other. It seems to be so in the matter of the size of families as well. Scarcely a grandmother of to-day but talks of her childhood spent among from six to eight sisters and brothers. To her grandchildren, however, the oft-repeated phrase that "large families are no longer fashionable" is familiar. That is true as regards the size of a family that was once considered large, but two and three and even four children in a family are now becoming common. Whether the President's warning and the statistics which have shown the alarming decrease in the birth-rate among the better classes in America have been responsible for it, or whether it is after all but the swing of the pendulum, is a question; but that the stork has again come into his own and is welcomed with open arms into the homes of millionaires and the fashionable people of

Gold-Spoon Babies

our country is a fact proved by the increase in the number of births in the families of the younger generation of our richest and socially best-known people who have established homes of their own during the last five or six years. In fact, things have

has come the supplanting in large part of the nurses who used to be the mothers in all but fact, and the real mothers are now often to be found in the nurseries with their children. In the wonderful nursery in the country home of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.,



Photograph by Pach

MRS. E. T. MCVICKAR AND DAUGHTER

changed since Lady Maitland's visit, and the nursery has become a very important part of the plans and specifications of the country and town houses of the younger set in fashionable life.

And with the welcoming of the little ones

their three young children are cared for and trained by a regular trained nurse and by French and German governesses; but there, too, they look forward to their play-times with their mother, for Mrs. Rockefeller, who is a daughter of Senator Aldrich, is a most

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Photograph by Husted

MRS. JOSEPH S. ULMAN AND DAUGHTER



Photograph by Bradley Studios

MRS. G. LOUIS BOISSEVAIN AND CHILDREN

domestic woman and dotes on her children. The stork made the household happy recently by leaving a baby brother to the other children.

The old contention that society women give little or no time to their children is found not to be true in the majority of cases.

Take such women as Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. Joseph Harriman, Mrs. J. Laurens Van Alen, Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, and others. These women are devoted to their children, but they have so systematized their home duties that they can

still give much time to society and other diversions. That the child is not forever clinging to her skirts is no sign that it is being neglected by its mother.

That the little folk of the very rich lead monotonous lives forever togged out in finery in which they are uncomfortable—"little waxen figures," some sympathetic writer has put it—seems far from the truth when one sees the children of the Iselins, the Vanderbilts, the Leeds, the Norries, the Piersons, the Wideners, and others of the Newport set gamboling about on the beautiful beach stretches barefooted and in blue jumpers just like any normal child who discriminates only in the matter of fun. An East Side child at Coney Island cannot revel in his play with more abandon than do these children reared in the lap of luxury.

There is a widespread opinion that these children are neglected by their parents, but this is true in very few cases. If there were no other reason than selfish motives, mothers and fathers of children born to the purple would do much toward their children's training. To be

sure, their money can provide everything that makes for health, beauty, and culture, but each mother in society takes as much pride in bringing up her daughter to become a fascinating and successful débutante as she does in her own social prestige. In the daughter she reflects her own self, and experiences again in the growing girl her own youthful triumphs.

"Next to being the season's belle," said Mrs. Bradley Martin at the brilliant coming out of her daughter, now Lady Craven, "is

being the mother of one." It is for that reason that much care is given to the bringing up of their children by the modern mothers of society, for there are little mannerisms, personal and individual traits, that money cannot buy and only mother-love and mother-pride can give to a girl.

The training and bringing up of the children of the rich in America has reached a very high degree of perfection. The modern society mother no longer depends upon her servants to know as to the condition of her children's health or their needs as to food and such matters. In New York during the winter, and in



Photograph by Marceau

MRS. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT AND SON

Gold-Spoon Babies

other large cities as well, there are a number of small circles or clubs where such women as Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. R. B. Roosevelt, and others meet to discuss questions of food and hygiene relative to the better care of their little folk. They see to it by daily personal inspection that the nurs-

Mrs. J. Laurens Van Alen, who is one of the most attractive young matrons in society, a niece of Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt, and whose husband is the grandson of Mrs. Astor, is devoted to her family. She believes, with many of the other "new idea" matrons, that the wives of millionaires should not spend all their time in frivolities, but that



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN AND CHILD

eries are properly aired and sunned, that the milk-bottles are kept in sanitary condition, and that clothing suitable to the season is worn by their little ones. These are not idle comments but real facts regarding the care of their children by women of wealth and fashion who have in their employ house-keeper, governesses, trained nurses, and a retinue of other servants.

they should personally superintend the rearing of their children and the managing of their households. A few years ago she startled Newport society by her decision to compel her servants to account to her for each item of expense. She supervises the buying of provisions, and every morning makes a tour of inspection of the servants' quarters to see that there is no undue waste



Photograph by Marceau

MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND SON



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. EDWARD MOORE ROBINSON AND SON



From a painting by Wilhelm Funk

MRS. WILLIAM WILLOUGHBY SHARP AND CHILDREN

or uncleanliness. Every morning also she receives the requisitions of her chef, butler, coachman, and other servants for supplies.

Mrs. Henri P. Wertheim, who before her marriage was Miss Gladys Seligman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seligman, has enlarged her efforts in improving the race by the better care of its children, by going out from her own beautiful home, where her family is cared for through her good ministrations,

tions, to the homes of New York's East Side. Both she and her husband have been for years interested in the improving of the home life of the poor of the East Side, and many a mother has Mrs. Wertheim to thank for providing her with the necessary equipment to keep her poor little babes comfortable through the hot summer months in the crowded tenements. Through her practical understanding of the needs of children,

Gold-Spoon Babies

in which she first began to be interested through caring for her own family, Mrs. Wertheim has been able to do much more than the usual woman of wealth with a desire to be of some aid to the poor, but with no practical idea as to how to go about it. The Wertheims have given a building in Rivington Street next to the University Settlement and many other gifts as well for the use of the poor families of New York's East Side.

Princess Cantacuzene is an example of one of the few foreign marriages where there are

children and happiness combined in the home. The princess, who is the daughter of Gen. Fred Grant, is devoted to her little children, Michael and Bertha, a prince and princess of Russia respectively. During their last visit to America the princess was persuaded by her parents to allow her children to remain with them for some weeks after she sailed for her Russian home. As hard as it was for the mother to part with her children she did so because she wanted the little Russian subjects not to forget that



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. J. LAURENS VAN ALEN AND SON



Photograph by H. H. Pierce

MRS. BARCLAY WARBURTON AND CHILDREN

they are Americans as well and that they must never lose sight of the fact that they are grandchildren of a former president of the United States.

Miss Grant became the bride of Prince Cantacuzene in 1899, and during these years, which are more than many another Ameri-

can girl has spent with a foreign husband, the couple have been ideally happy.

Mrs. Barclay Warburton, daughter of John Wanamaker, and Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson are two of Philadelphia's society women who have proved the untruth of the statement that the homes of the wealthy are



Photograph by Aimé Dupont

MRS. JOSEPH HARRIMAN AND HER TWO SONS

devoid of children. Mrs. Warburton has three beautiful little ones to whom she and her husband are devoted, and Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson, noted for her great beauty and social gifts, is a fond mother. Before her marriage Mrs. Robinson was Miss Aileen Ivers of San Francisco, and she and her friends, Mrs. William E. Carter and Mrs. Joseph Widener, all of whom are often

seen together, are called the beautiful Philadelphia trio.

Both Mrs. Joseph Harriman and Mrs. Oliver Harriman have interesting families of pretty, healthful children, and were there no other children among the rich these, with the little tots of the Joseph S. Ulmans, the W. W. Sharps, the R. B. Roosevelts, would be a serious challenge to the statement that American

women of wealth live for themselves and not for posterity.

It is entirely due to the mother's understanding and discernment that the family is provided with the best governesses, nurses, and tutors obtainable. There are the German nurse, the French and English governesses, the tutors for the boys, and many other people who needs must be employed in order to turn out a finished product in the great establishments where the children who represent the wealth of this country are reared.

Then there are the French and the English governesses and the German music teacher for the little tots when they have grown a little older. The boys must have their tutors and fencing teachers, and their dancing-lessons. These wealthy women are quite as much slaves to their children as the parents in lowlier circumstances who return from their vacations the Saturday before school opening because their little folk must not miss a day of the term. Mrs. George Gould, who has a large and attractive family of intelligent chil-



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE (MISS JULIA DENT GRANT) AND
HER LITTLE SON, PRINCE MICHAEL

Just because a German nurse is recommended is no reason why such women as Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Rockefeller employ her. Not at all. They first have a personal interview with the woman, and they talk to her of many things in a casual way in order to see that she has sympathy; that she is really fond of children; that she is amiable, and yet a disciplinarian; that she speaks with a good German accent, and that she is a woman of strong, dominant character.

dren, always plans her trips abroad so that her boys can get back to their schools and her daughters to their seminaries and teachers at the exact time when these schools are opened. Like many other wealthy mothers, Mrs. Gould travels all over Europe with her children, and enjoys their sports and recreations with as much zest as they do. She it was who encouraged her oldest son to go in for tennis-champion honors when she discovered his enthusiasm for the game, and he now holds the tennis championship for this country.



"I SHOOK MY FIST AT HIM, AND DARED HIM TO JUMP"

("*The Hairy Devil*")

The Hairy Devil

By Morgan Robertson

Illustrated by Gordon M. McCouch



LIVERPOOL JIM had been dozing on the main-hatch with others of the watch, and he suddenly began moaning. We who were awake listened a few moments, until the moaning became choked, then a man reached over and kicked him. He wakened, sat up, looked wildly around, and said brokenly: "God bless ye for that! Was I makin' a noise?"

"As though you'd lost your mother," answered one.

"Lemme tell ye," said Jim earnestly. "Whiniver ye hear me make that noise, wake me up. The hairy devil has me again, an' I can't wake meself. Wake me up—wid a handspike, if ye like; but wake me, either on deck or below."

We asked about the hairy devil, and there followed Jim's yarn. It is thirty years since I heard that yarn, and Jim, with perhaps every listener who did not, like myself, turn landsman while there was time, is dead. I never knew his last name; he was a happy-go-lucky Irishman, an able seaman from his feet up, who would ship and run, never realizing a pay-day, and unable to remember the names of the craft he had sailed in. He went to jail at the end of that passage for knifing a Dutchman, and passed out of my life; but he left that yarn, which so burned itself into my soul that I can give it, stripped of Jim's vernacular, as though I had heard it yesterday.

THE YARN

"I don't remember much about shipping in that brig. I was shanghaied, as usual, and woke up in the forecastle next morning with a head like a bucket. I knew she was a Yankee ship by the cracker hash they were mustering around as I looked over the bunk-board; and I remember asking her name

and where she was bound. But I forgot what they said, and never asked again.

"There were six of us 'fore the mast—a dago, two Dutchmen, a Sou'egan, and a nigger, besides myself. There was a Chinee in the galley, and a boy in the cabin. Then there were two mates from down East, and a skipper from Cape Cod. These three were the usual kind, angels ashore and devils afloat, and afflicted more or less with ingrown' self-respect. They kept peace in that hooker while we were in her; but we were not in her long.

"Nothing happened until we'd shot out of the Gulf Stream, and ran into the light, shifty winds just north of the trades. Then, as I took the wheel one morning at six, we ran into a mess of wreckage—floating boxes that showed signs of fire, with here and there a charred spar or burned boat. The weather had been fine, so we concluded that some craft had burned to the water's edge and sunk. Right in the middle of this stuff was an iron cage, floating on its wooden floor and timbers, and in it was a half-drowned leopard. We passed within a length of it, and the skipper brought up his rifle and emptied it at the poor brute, but didn't hit. It was great fun for the blasted fish-skinner, but when I suggested at the wheel that he save his ammunition for us if we got fat and sassy, he gave me a damning and went below for more. She was a hungry ship, and he was a sensitive man. But he'd wakened all hands with his shooting. Soon we came up to another cage, with some chattering parrots in it. It was better fun shootin' them than the leopard, and when one poor little thing dropped from the bars into the water he was the happiest man I ever saw, and he peppered away while he could see them. We left them behind us and came on to a long-boat, dry and tight.

"By this time the skipper's ammunition was gone, and his Yankee instincts were aroused by the sight of that good, tight long-boat, nearly new. I steered close, and they hooked on to it with a long pike-pole we carried on deck. Then a man went down and

The Hairy Devil

got the painter, with which we towed the boat alongside. There was no name on it, but it certainly belonged to some Noah's ark bound up from the coast with a cargo of animals, and we could only guess what had happened to the crew if they had taken to it. There were no oars in her, nor water, nor grub; but, crouched in the stern-sheets, too sick or starved to sit up, was a monstrous big monkey.

"The big brute grunted up at us, but seemed harmless, and the skipper decided that he might save not only the boat, but its passenger. Some of the men and the mate protested, saying it was a wild beast, and would make trouble; but the fool skipper was set on his way and overruled them. That animal would bring a tidy sum of money from some zoo, he said. And the boat, though of no use to us, as we had a full complement, was an asset worth considering. It was too big to hoist on deck, but we could tow it astern till we got to port.

"No one wanted to go down and hook on to that brute, so the skipper sent a man to relieve me at the wheel while I did it. The mate had entered up the log at four bells, and he swore he'd make another entry before breakfast stating his objections, so that if anything happened he would not be held responsible. The skipper swore he'd put the mate in the official logs as insubordinate; but it all came to nothing, and while they were jabbering I put my knife in my teeth and went down the painter. I didn't get too near that beauty at once. He was thin and emaciated, and seemed almost dead from starvation and thirst; but he had a forearm as big as my leg, and a reach of four feet or more. He had paws big enough to grip a stovepipe, and a mouth, full of yellow teeth, that he opened wide when he saw me coming. You could have jammed a draw-bucket into that mouth. I lassoed his head with the bight of a cargo sling, hooked on the tackle they sent down, and when they had partly lifted him I twitched another sling around under his arms, and with this they hoisted him over the rail. When I climbed aboard they had slacked him down so that he rested on his hind feet, and there he stood, waving those long forearms around like two handspikes in a capstan, and growling and spitting in a weak, vindictive way, while his little red eyes snapped at us. They slacked him down a little more, and he only had to lean forward a bit to bring himself on all fours; but he couldn't stand alone, and when they lowered away he fell to the deck.

"'He's safe enough,' said the skipper. 'We'll just make him fast to the windlass, where he can't break away. We'll feed him a little, to keep him alive.'

"'That's all right, Captain,' said the mate. 'You're master here, and we'll do what you tell us. Just the same, I'll carry my two pistols from this on. That's no 'rang-outang or chimpanzee; that's a gorilla, and he's promised what he'll do with us.'

"'And the same here, sir,' said the second mate. 'I go heeled, and if he breaks loose, I'll shoot; for I'll consider my life in danger.'

"'Nonsense! You make me sick and tired with your cowardice. Afraid of a sick animal! Here, you men, unhook that tackle and drag him forrad to the windlass. I'll boss this job.'

"It took all hands to haul that squealing brute forward. He weighed all of half a ton, starved though he was, and he still had strength to tear a water-cask out of its chocks as he went by it. But we got him to the windlass, and then rigged a kind of harness out of new three-inch rope—something he couldn't untie, and that had no ends that he could reach. I remember there was a strap went round under his arms, another round his belly, and four more around each leg or arm, all of which were connected by swifterns hitched in. We tied him hand and foot, and spread-eagled him to get this rigging on him, then we moored him to both windlass bits. The skipper bossed the job, as he said, and pronounced it good. But he didn't know much about big monkeys.

"We gave him a wash-deck tub half full of fresh water, and he drank it all, holding up the tub like a cup to get the last of it. We gave him a quart of potatoes, and they went into him like marbles down a scupper-hole. Then he got a cabbage that he bolted nearly whole. The skipper was pleased.

"'None o' the monkey tribes eat meat,' he explained. 'They eat vegetable food—cocoanuts, yams, and such. This fellow likes potatoes and cabbage. Steward,' he called, 'give him potatoes and cabbage once a day—not too much—and what water he can drink.'

"'Yes, sir,' answered the steward, none too pleased with his job.

"We fellows were not pleased, either. We got our whack, not potatoes and cabbage, and we got our three quarts of water, instead of what we could drink. But we said nothing. We made the long-boat fast astern, and the work went on. I took my wheel again, and the skipper went below.

"No one else left the deck that watch. It was the mate's watch below, but he sulked around, and I don't think he went near the log-book. At any rate he had something else to think about before breakfast was ready. A sharp squall hit us about six bells, and for fifteen minutes things whistled aboard that brig. We furled the royals and staysails at the first, and clewed up the topgallantsails, but let them hang in the buntlines. The racket of shortening sail and the discomfort of the wind and spray hitting him excited the brute at the windlass, and he roared and barked and growled through it all. Then the squall passed as suddenly as it had come, the sun came out bright and clear, and it promised to be a fine day. The wind was light again, and we were sliding along on the starboard tack, steering about two points free. I could hear everything that was going on—the rattle of dishes as the cabin-boy set the table, and the voice of the skipper jawing him because he admitted missing his prayers that morning. I've no use for religious skippers at any time; but this one carried a cold wave with him.

"He came up just before seven bells and ordered the rags put on her, knowing well it would delay our breakfast. So the dago went up the fore and the nigger up the main; then seven bells struck, the cabin-boy rang the breakfast-bell, and the skipper called the mate to breakfast, saying the second mate could put the canvas on her, and went down the after-companion. The mate went in the forward companion just as the two men aloft sang out, 'Sheet home when you're ready, sir,' and the Chinee cook came out of the galley to help at the halyards, leaving the men's breakfast on the galley stove. But they didn't get that breakfast, nor even masthead the yard; and the fellows aloft never loosed the royals. I had been listening to the talk at the cabin breakfast. I heard the mate say that he had no appetite, and that a cup of coffee was enough for him; then I heard the scraping of his chair as he pushed back, and his footsteps, going to his room. Then, just as the men gave their first heave on the halyards, I heard a snarling, barking kind of roar from forward, and around the house came that gorilla, with his harness still on him, but with the broken ends trailing behind. We had underrated the recuperative powers of a beast just out of the jungle. He had snapped two parts of new three-inch manila as though it were twine.

"The second mate and the Chinee had

tailed onto the halyards behind the men, and they were all in a bunch near the fore rigging. Naturally they all yelled at the brute, and this disconcerted him a little. He rushed by them on all fours, stepping on the sides of his big hind feet, with his big red mouth wide open, and his little red eyes half closed. The men took to the fore rigging, but the second mate followed him, for he was making straight for the poop. The first one out of the cabin was the mate, with his gun ready; and, to do them justice, these two were game. They were buckoes of the worst kind, but a bucko isn't a bucko without courage; yet they couldn't stop that hairy devil. The first mate fired, but I don't think he hit him. The second mate had no gun, but he made a straight, bodily dash at the beast. It was no use; he danced between the two with his big arms outstretched, and though he hardly seemed to touch them they both went down. Then he stooped over the mate, out of my sight forward of the house, growling like a mad dog. And above the hubbub came the shouts of that fool skipper from the cabin: 'Don't shoot. Don't shoot him. He's worth a thousand dollars.'

"The big beast rose into sight with the mate, dead or unconscious, slung over his shoulder. Straight for the main-rigging he made, and cleared the sheer-pole at a bound. Up he went, three ratlines at a time, to the main-yard. He shinned out this on three legs, holding the mate with the fourth, and when he got to the end he dropped him. I could see the mate's pistol, tightly gripped in his hand, as he sprawled down. Then the skipper appeared with his rifle; he had changed his mind when he saw the brute stooping over the mate.

"'Throw a line to the mate, Cappen,' I yelled, 'or go over after him. I'll hold her up to the wind. Come down out o' that,' I called to the men still up in the fore rigging, 'and clear away a boat.' I jammed the wheel down, and the brig came up, but there wasn't a life-buoy or a plank to throw to the mate, even if he had been in sight, and not a man moved in the rigging. The skipper began pumping away with his rifle, but it didn't go off, and he suddenly said: 'My God! I used up all the cartridges. What'll I do? What'll I do?'

"'Go over after the mate with a line fast to you,' I called. But he ran into the cabin. I dropped the wheel and pulled the long-boat up to a short painter, then stood by the wheel

The Hairy Devil

again, though under her present trim the brig steered herself.

"Down came the brute by the weather leech of the mainsail, and inboard, upside down, by the foot-rope of the sail. Amidships, he flopped to the deck, and arose in a moment with the second mate. He was conscious, and struggled weakly as the beast carried him aloft, and the look on his face was pitiful. He was carried out the yard-arm and dropped, like the first mate; and there was no helping him. I looked for each, but neither rose. Later on, I learned about gorillas and their way of killing. When they fight up in the trees their aim is to push the enemy off and let the fall kill him. That's why he lugged the two mates up after he had 'em conquered. I half guessed this at the time, and as the ugly devil looked down at me, the only man on deck, and then at the dogs in the fore rigging, I sang out to them, knowing I had that boat handy, to shin up to the top and hide, or else come down and fight him with handspikes. The beggars wouldn't budge, and the dago and the nigger kept singing out instructions; but they stayed where they were.

"Having given up the two mates by now, I had thrown the brig off to get steerageway, and just as the brute started down the leech of the mainsail to interview me the canvas filled with a flap, and he scrambled back to the yard. At this moment the Chinee cook must have remembered something in the galley to attend to, for he dropped to the deck and ran into his shop. This decided the gorilla; he forgot about me, shinned in along the yard, and went down the mainstay to the top of the forward house. We all yelled to the Chinaman, but if he heard he was too late. Just as he stuck his nose out of the port door the beast reached down to him and got him by the collar. I'll never forget the screams of that poor heathen as he was lifted up and held tightly against the hairy chest of the monster. But it was soon over; the screams grew fainter and ended before the animal had got halfway up the mainstay. I think he squeezed the cook to death. He went up on one part of that stay, and out the main-yard again, just as a cat goes along on the top of a fence. At the outer gasket he dropped the cook, and that was the end of him.

"Now's your chance," I called to the three in the fore rigging. "Come down and get handspikes, and I'll join you. If you don't he'll kill us all, one by one."

"They never stirred nor answered, and

just then I heard the skipper driving the cabin-boy up the after-companion. "Get up on deck," he commanded. "What are you soldiering down here for?"

"Up came the boy—a whimpering snipe of a lad, who ought to have been home—and the skipper, brave as a lion with two pistols in his hands, but half crazy from the excitement.

""Where's that ungrateful animal," he cried, waving his guns, "that bites the hand that feeds it? Where's my mates?"

""Over the side, where you ought to be, you damned idiot," I said to him. "Give me one of those guns. Perhaps I can do something with it." But he ran forward along the alley, shouting for the mates, and the boy followed. Down came the gorilla by his old road—the leech and foot-rope of the mainsail—just in time to catch the boy at the main-hatch. The skipper dodged and raced aft again, never offering a shot, and the animal killed the boy with one swipe; at least, he never moved. He wasn't taken aloft and dropped. He was flung over the side like an old bag.

"The men forward began scrambling up the fore rigging, and their motion attracted the beast's attention. Away he went in pursuit, while the crazy skipper, shouting like an auctioneer, climbed to the top of the after-house and began firing one of his guns. I climbed after him, for I saw that he was shooting holes in the air and wasting good lead.

""Give me one of those guns," I yelled, and we clinched. He fought me as he might have fought the gorilla, but I was the youngest, and finally got the second pistol away from him. Then, while he raved at me, threatening to shoot my head off, I jumped down, took a careful aim at the beast with my hand steadied on the monkey-rail of the house, and pulled the trigger. It snapped, but that was all; and on investigating I found the pistol empty. I tossed it overboard and took the wheel again, while the lunatic on the house snapped away with an equally empty gun.

"The gorilla was halfway up the fore rigging by this time, and the two Dutchmen had reached the foreyard, while the Sou'egian was going higher. One Dutchman laid out to windward, the other to leeward, and I thought of a plan.

""Climb aft on the forebrace, each one of you," I sang out. "If he follows, I'll let go the brace when you've reached the mainmast."

"They heard me, and obeyed. Each came aft, hand over hand and leg over leg, under the brace. The gorilla went to leeward, and

followed Wagner, the man on that side. He could beat him and was gaining fast. I ran forward to where the brace led to its pin on the rail, ready to let go on the chance of shaking him overboard; but there was no chance. He caught Wagner halfway along, and though Wagner drew his knife while he hung there under the brace he never used it. The same blow that knocked it out of his hand reached his head, and the poor Dutchman dropped, killed, I think, before he let go. I cast off the brace, however; and then, to give the lower yard a chance to swing, cast off all the lee braces. But it only caused the devil a little trouble; he was jerked forward and aft, holding on to one part or the other, as the brace overhauled, and had almost reached the water before he began to climb. Then he came on, up the standing part to the mainmast-head after Weiss, the other Dutchman.

"Come down by a back stay, Weiss," I yelled, as I saw the poor devil climbing like mad up the topmast rigging. "Come down and get into the boat." I had secured two handsplikes from the 'midship rack, and when I got aft flung them into the boat.

"But if Weiss heard he was too rattled to understand. Up he went; and the nigger higher up, who might have come down, did the wrong thing, too. He went down the maintopgallant-stay to the foretopmast-head, and then aloft after the Sou'egan. The gorilla caught Weiss at the topgallant rigging. He gathered him in, and Weiss gave just one screech before his life went out; then he was carried, like the two mates, out the topgallant-yard, and dropped. It was sickening; and all this time that madman on the house was snapping his empty pistol, shouting for his mates, and abusing me at the wheel.

"I saw that there was nothing to do but get into that boat, pay out to a long painter, and trust that the brute would drown himself in the effort to get us. I yelled this to the nigger and the Sou'egan up forward; but they'd got together with the dago on the foretopgallant-yard, and didn't even answer. Just why the gorilla should have chosen them for his next meat, instead of me and the skipper, I never could understand; for we were making all the noise. But he may have been affected by the sight of the long-boat just under the stern, which reminded him of his late suffering, and avoided it. At any rate, he went down the topgallant-stay after the nigger.

"Come down by the topgallant-backstays, and come aft to the boat," I yelled, "and here,

you," I said to the skipper, "you get down below and get up some water and grub. Quick, now, for there's no knowing how long we'll stay in that boat."

"He looked at me somewhat sadly, and more sanely than I expected. "Yes," he said. "We must abandon ship. It is the will of God."

"Hurry up," I answered. "Get some water and grub; and if there's a chance, get a couple of oars out of the quarter-boat."

"He went below, and I watched the gorilla. I suppose I might have cleared away the quarter-boat cover and got the oars myself; but I was at the wheel, and you know the habit of years. You must stand by your wheel though the heavens fall.

"I had got so used to the killing of men up aloft that I didn't care to watch the next performance. I busied myself with yelling at the skipper, and just as he came up I saw the sprawling figure of the nigger come down on the lee side; but I knew he was done for, and just took a look at the Sou'egan and the dago, sliding down the flying-jib stay with the black monster after them. They went out of sight behind the foretopsail, and I thought only of myself. There was the skipper with his chronometer. The fool had brought only his chronometer, when we needed water and oars. He placed it on the taffrail.

"Get some water, you fool," I yelled in his ear. "Quick! He'll be aft in a minute."

"Get into the boat and take this chronometer," he said quietly. "I am master. I must be last to leave. I must get the ship's papers."

"Down went the lunatic, and I cleared away the painter and got on the taffrail, ready to jump. Then I saw the huge bulk of the gorilla rise up over the knightheads. No doubt he had finished his last two on the head-gear, and had come in to celebrate. He struck an attitude, whirled his long arms like an orator, and roared his challenge to the rest of humanity—a sort of barking, booming, howling sound, with a background of growls. Then he spied me on the taffrail, and down he flopped off the forecastle deck.

"Hurry up, Captain," I called. "Hurry, for your life."

"It was a horrible sight to see that beast coming aft. He came on all fours as fast as a horse could run, but he came nearly erect, swaying from side to side like a drunken man trying to walk straight; and his mouth was open, wider and redder than ever, and his

The Hairy Devil

little eyes were almost hidden behind that devilish grin. He had reached the break of the poop before the skipper appeared, tucking some papers into an inside pocket.

"Jump," I sang out, and throwing the painter into the boat (for I wouldn't trust that idiot to bring it with him), I sprang after it. When I picked myself up the skipper was on the taffrail, but the gorilla had got him, and the chronometer fell overboard. It was no fight. The skipper sputtered and then shrieked, as the brute gathered him in, and then it was over. The hairy devil used his teeth for the first time. He sank them into the skipper's neck, and there was a crunching sound. Then he pushed the man from him, and he fell, splashing me with water as he struck.

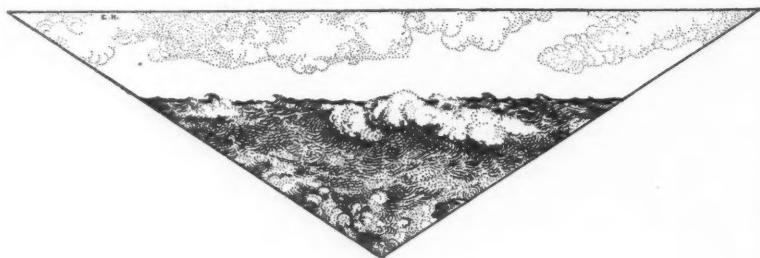
"The boat had sagged back about twenty feet by now, and the brute gathered himself for the leap. He hesitated for a moment, but I was past hoping that he wouldn't take it. What I had seen must have turned my brain, for I grabbed one of the handspikes, shook my fist at him, and dared him to jump.

"Come on here, if you dare, you murdering son of a thief," I screamed. "Come on, you killer of niggers and dagos and Dutchmen and idiots. I'm none of that. I'm an Irishman. Come on, damn you."

"He came, all arms and legs. He almost fetched the gunwale, but missed by an inch. Down he went, and came up blinking and whimpering, as though asking me to help him into the boat. I helped him, I did. I brought that handspike down on his head with all my strength, again and again, as he came toward me; but I couldn't keep him off, and he got a grip. Then I hammered his arms, hoping to

break the bones; maybe I did, but I didn't stop him. I hammered again on his head, and just as he floundered into the boat I seemed to have damaged him a little; for the last blow I gave sounded like an egg that you've hit with a knife. But that was all; he had me the next moment, and I was helpless to move. He pulled me in, grinning into my face with that big red mouth, and breathing his stinking breath into my nostrils. Then he sank his teeth into my shoulder, and with the pain my senses left me.

"The next I remember was waking in the bottom of the boat with the big, heavy carcass sprawled all over me and its teeth still gripping my shoulder. But they hadn't gone to the bone. My last whack with the handspike was his death-blow, and he had died in the effort to bite. It took me a long time to get him overboard. I took my time at the job, for the brig was a mile away, steering along on her own hook, and there wasn't a sail or a smoke on the horizon. I never saw or heard of her again, but I've wondered many a time what must have been thought if she was picked up abandoned, with nothing wrong but the foreyards adrift, her own boats on the davits, and no sign of blood or fire or water to drive her crew out. And I've wondered many a time, too, why I didn't think to dive down to the second mate's room and get his gun when there was a chance. But I suppose I was half crazy, like the skipper, for I don't remember much of that long-boat. I came to in a hospital at Cadiz, but the ship that picked me up had sailed; so I never knew how long I was out of my head. Wake me up, boys, when I make that noise, for I can't wake myself, and he has his teeth in me."



Big Jim's Renunciation

By Roy Norton

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove



E was an enormous man, a clean six feet two in his moccasins, and built in fine sturdy proportion. He was smoothly shaven, with a face almost like that of a Sioux warrior, with high cheek-bones and a grim, closely shut mouth. Beyond that the Indian resemblance ended, for his eyes, which stared directly out from beneath overhanging brows, were a clear, cool gray, and his hair was of that indefinite shade known as "tow."

He was a gambler by profession, and for fifteen years had been known to the camps of the far frontier as such. He was designated far and wide as Big Jim, and it is doubtful if many of his friends and acquaintances were aware that he had once been christened under the sober patronymic of James Paul Werner. Many of those who knew him as Big Jim had paid well for even that limited knowledge.

He had no record save that of being a game man, ready to shoot or to be shot, as the vicissitudes of his calling might demand; and his only pride was that, no matter what his luck might be, he played "a square game with unstacked cards." This much was to his credit. And, it may be further remarked, his calling in itself was not such as would impair his public standing in the West which he knew and which knew him. It may be that at times he had questioned whether there might not be better occupations for a man who was inherently honest, but such introspection had not shown him any other means of a livelihood to which he might turn his hand with equal gain. He was of that class of men who are always playing for a stake which, large or small, is never quite realized.

It had remained for him to have his self-respect wounded to the quick, away up

there on the banks of the Yukon River, in the heart of Alaska, the last place on earth where it might reasonably be expected that such an awakening would be given. This much at least might one good woman do.

It wasn't a question of love, because he had neither sought nor craved the affections of that woman or of any woman.

She was not handsome, not even pretty. Nor was she in her youth, having reached that indefinite time which caused one to wonder whether she might be as young as twenty-five years or as old as thirty-five. But about her was the charm of cleanliness of person and mind, of honesty and independence.

When she came to the already established camp, purchased a cabin and opened a restaurant it caused some comment, for women of her kind were scarce in that far-away speck in the wilderness.

Big Jim had been her first customer. The long counter with its clumsy slab stools had barely been placed when he thrust his head through the door and said, "Good morning." He had been given a courteous reply and had scanned the place for a full minute before making any other remark.

"Restaurant?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Doughnuts?"

"Yes."

"Pork and beans?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll take a few."

That had been the whole of their first conversation; and from then on he had been a steady patron. Patience and politeness had given her prosperity, but patience and politeness on his part had not given him her warmer friendship. And this too had aroused the obstinacy within him. But the occurrence which brought him humiliation was, as he tersely put it, due

Big Jim's Renunciation

to his "chippin' into a brace game to save a sucker."

It was in the days of the first rush, when innocents were plenty and the lure of the new camp had brought not only them and the hardened adventurers of the earth, but also those who, in divers forms, prey on quick prosperity. There had come among them in the first rush a chekako—tenderfoot—a man not versed in the lore of the hills, or familiar with the ways of the frontier, and he had worked for other men. This in itself was not calculated to make those other dwellers on the outskirts of the world, free lances in everything, respect him. To toil for oneself, no matter what the recompense, was no disgrace; but to accept day-wages for the efforts of one's hands and shoulders smacked of servitude. Prospectors, though broke, were admittedly on a plane with millionaires, but no man might cleanly hold his head erect if he permitted any other human being to give him orders and dictate his goings and comings.

It was on a day when a little steamboat, bound up-river, had shoved her snub nose against the clay bank and dumped off, for a few hours, a throng of gold-seekers that the chekako came to grief. The trading-post was crowded with men seeking to add to their outfits of northern garb, to buy sealskin boots, or to replenish their tobacco supply.

Big Jim had gravely watched the landing and indifferently noted the scramble at the big log post. It was nothing to him. He had seen such rushes of tenderfeet before, and, besides, they were not grist for his mill. It was the outgoing man who had been lucky that he wanted to meet, the one who played big stakes and suffered no serious setback if relieved of part of his gleanings.

"All they're looking for is bags enough to hold the gold they're going to pick up," he muttered with a half grin, as he turned away up the trail back of the traders, and then he came to a stop. Alongside the trail, seated on a log and bathed in tears, was the chekako. The gambler always felt a little sorry for a man in tears, although they were unknown to his own make-up.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. The chekako explained that he had been looted. It had been a day off for him, and

he had mingled with the throng at the landing and in the post and had paid for his curiosity by losing a poke containing all his savings. And the worst of it, so he told Big Jim in his simple way, was that it was all needed for the support of a family out in the States.

Big Jim listened with a grin up to this point, then his face took on a frown. The frown grew when the chekako asserted that he could not have lost it, no not even when, on his way to the camp, he had stopped for a drink of water at the crossing of Manook Creek, three miles away. Big Jim sympathized with him but could offer no better advice than another search along the trail. Other men's carelessness annoyed him, and he turned back to the river front, being out of mood for the big birch forests on the hill. As he came round the corner of a cabin his attention was attracted to a furtive-looking individual who, in some haste to board, was crossing the gangplank of the steamer.

"Whe-e-ew!" whistled the gambler. "That's Slippers Smith, sure! Wonder what he's doing up here!" He stood with his hands in his pockets and ruminated for a full minute, his look fixed abstractedly on the steamer in the hollows of which Slippers had disappeared. "If he ain't quit picking pockets for a living, it's a cinch he's got that little feller's poke," he said to himself, and thereupon abruptly plunged down the river bank and up over the deserted gangplank.

He climbed to the saloon, on each side of which were staterooms, and seated himself in a chair until a door opened and Slippers emerged.

"Hello, Slippers!" he called, and the other recognized him and came forward. Before he could do more than put out his hand the gambler had assumed an air of great secrecy.

"Slippers," he said, "I got something to say to you. Guess you better take me to your stateroom where folks can't hear."

Once inside, he turned with a chilly grin. "How many of your gang's on this boat?"

"None. I'm playing a lone hand."

Big Jim looked through the window across the river where the sun cast reflections of light on the ripples, then peeped out of the door into the empty saloon. When he turned there was a wicked-looking

gun in his hand, and even the semblance of good humor was gone from his face.

"Slippers, you took a poke off a friend of mine up there in the trading-post. I've come to get it."

It was a bold guess and a steady bluff, but it worked. Slippers retreated slowly until his back was against the frame of the tiny window. The light was shining full on the gambler's face and brought out no sign of uncertainty or of mercy. Slippers read danger-signals, and, knowing the man, feared delay would prove dangerous.

"Put up your gun, Jim," he quavered, in an attempt at friendly surrender. "I don't want nothing from no friend of yours. Why didn't you say so sooner?"

He dived into his berth and from beneath the matting pulled a moose-skin bag of gold dust, which he tendered. Big Jim took it and slipped it into his pocket.

"I ain't going to say nothing to anybody, Slippers," he remarked, "because you're in the wrong country. They hang men like you here, so I don't reckon it's a healthy place for you. Besides hanging there's fevers and other things to take a man off. That's why I don't think it good for you to get off the boat again before she leaves. I'm dead sure it would be unhealthy for you if I saw you. Good-by, my boy, good-by. Stay aboard the boat till she gets you to some place where you've got friends."

The door slammed behind him, and in a minute the gangplank shook beneath his feet as he retraced his steps to where he had left the forlorn chekako; but the latter

was gone. Big Jim found him in the restaurant where held forth the woman.

"Hello," he said by way of greeting, and the woman, who had been listening to the tale of woe, ended her attempt at condolence. The gambler nodded to her, looked around the place until satisfied that no one else was present, and then threw the poke down on the counter. The chekako stared at it a moment in open-mouthed amazement and then hugged it to his breast in both hands. Big Jim stopped his voluble thanks.

"I found it out there on the bank of the creek," he said, "and brought it to you. Mighty careless of you to lug your poke around with you. Better put it in the trading company's safe."

He tramped out of the room, while the chekako and the woman looked at each other. A little clock above them ticked busily. The chekako glanced at it and then back at her.

"Says he found it on the creek. Three miles there and three miles back make six miles. And when he got there he must have walked up and down the bank some. Well, I sha'n't say nothing, because I've got it back, but it's been

just half an hour since I told him about it."

The woman was annoyed at the chekako's ingratitude, but worse than that was the knowledge that the gambler had undoubtedly lied. He was beneath contempt.

The river took on its coating of ice, the snows fell, and the camp was locked in its long winter isolation. The woman prospered, and fortune played up and down with the gambler. He still made attempts



"ALL THEY'RE LOOKING FOR IS BAGS
ENOUGH TO HOLD THE GOLD THEY'RE
GOING TO PICK UP"

Big Jim's Renunciation

to win the woman's regard, but now she barely spoke to him. He was attracted more by this than by her previous politeness. He wanted to know her better because she was of a different world than he had known since he came West, and she reminded him of women he had known in his boyhood—good, God-fearing women. He pondered over her coolness when he sat alone before his layout, and always felt a well-defined pity for her in the struggle which he knew must be so hard for one evidently accustomed to better things.

Day by day he went to her cabin door and into the restaurant where he could watch and study her patient struggle to be self-supporting and gain independence. He wished that he could be received with as much friendliness as the prospectors who came. He made clumsy efforts to assist her, and when the first hunters came with sledges laden with moose-meat he bought their load and sent it to her. He knew that it must be a godsend to her, but also realized that if she had learned who the donor was it would have been instantly declined.

One day when he was the sole customer, he made a bolder attempt to gain an understanding. "Miss Martin," he said, boldly plunging in, "I want to talk to you."

She turned upon him in surprise, looking him steadily in the eyes and with a certain little haughtiness in the poise of her head.

"I think a heap more of you than you'll probably believe," he went on.

She started to speak, but he forbade her with a gesture and continued: "I'm a square man, and there ain't anyone living can say I ever turned a crooked card or done a dirty little trick. Maybe I ain't never done anything good, and maybe I ain't got much, but I'm not any worse than the worst man in camp. You might at least treat me as well as the others, because I want you to like me; but you won't. What's the reason? Come, let's have it out!"

The woman came directly opposite him on her side of the rough slab counter before which he sat. "You want to know the reason? Well, I'll tell you. When I first came here, I don't know that I particularly disliked you. First, I learned that you were a gambler. That was enough to keep us from being friends, but that wasn't the worst."

She had been speaking quietly, but now she rested her hands on the edge of the counter and leaned toward him, talking with intensity. Her eyes glittered and were opened wide.

"You're not only a gambler, but a thief—a common cutpurse! You robbed the chekako of his gold, then—God knows why—gave it back to him under the pretext that you had found it in a place which you couldn't possibly have reached, let alone return from, in the time you said. You lied about it to cover your theft."

Big Jim had straightened up as she spoke, until he towered above her, his cheeks crimson and his brow drawn into a scowl that would have portended death had his accuser been a man. There was an instant's silence, broken by the sound of bells from outside, as a dog-team strained at its ropes over the frozen snow, and the cracking of the driver's whip.

"You believe that?" he said. "You believe that—of me—of Jim Werner, who never stole a cent in his life?"

His tone carried such a tragic note that she started back, repentant and wondering. It was inexplicable that this man should be a thief. She was sorry that she had accused him. She noted for the first time the look of cold honesty that was in his eyes, and somehow he seemed masterful. It broke her a little.

"It doesn't matter about the gold dust anyway," she said decisively. Her hands came together in a convulsive clasp, and there was a little indefinable note of pleading in her voice as she resumed, still fearlessly: "Why don't you give it up, Jim Werner? They say you are brave, and every one but me believes you honest. I'm not prepared to admit either. It doesn't matter what else you may be, you are that which no honest man respects, a gambler—a man who, even if he plays fairly, yet depends on his skill to take from other men that which they have worked for and gathered with honest hands. And maybe I wouldn't care for them even. It might serve them right; but don't you understand, can't you understand, that when you take it away from them you may be robbing some poor women or helpless little children out in the States who are dependent on them and their work? I don't suppose you would rob a child or a woman directly, but

that's what you are doing perhaps every day of your life."

She gulped a little as she turned away from him, and he, reading in her motion his dismissal, pulled his white hat down over his eyes and went out. He had made no attempt at explanation of the poke incident, nor had he contemplated it. In his code, to tell the story would have been impossible. Besides, it would but have added to her other accusations the certainty that his calling made him the acquaintance of thieves and crooks.

It gave him something to think about in the days that came, and he was moody and taciturn. He would sit for hours with his chair tilted back against the logs of the cabin wherein were a bar and many games of chance. At night, when the room was aglow with heat, and the smoke from the pipes curled up around the hooded tin lamps which sent little splotches of

light on the green tables, and everywhere were the clash and clamor and speech of men from the mines and the high-pitched reckless laughter of hardened women of the camp, it came to him. He was awakening to the fact that there was a code of honor which he had never learned, and he began to have a disgust for all those things which he had known and a vague longing for something better. He was not as cool and hardened as he had been. He began to wonder whether the men who sat before him and lost their gold had wives and children at home. He owned his own

layout and sometimes surprised those who were losing heavily by trying to dissuade them from spending their last ounce. He was in a constant struggle between business, as known to him, and conscience.

"He's going crazy" was the comment of other gamblers; but, although he heard, he shut his teeth grimly and said nothing nor changed his ways. Day by day he went to the restaurant, because he could not deny himself this one chance of seeing

the trim woman with the brown eyes, although no words passed between them other than those of necessity. And he found many ways of assisting her without her knowledge. Once a pack-driver from up the river made a coarse remark regarding her. Big Jim deliberately arose from his table, walked around to where the man sat, caught him by the throat, and fairly threw him through the cabin door. The man arose from the snow gasping and rubbing his

throat, while the gambler stood above him.

"Pardner," Big Jim drawled, "I've let you off easy. If I ever hear of you even whispering of that little woman again, I'll kill you like a timber-wolf. Understand?" He gave the man a parting kick and went back into the cabin, where no one dared to speak of the incident, and calmly resumed the shuffling of the cards.

Daily his field of operations, despite the camp's prosperity, became more limited. This was due to his more intimate knowledge of the men who came before him, for, strange as it might appear, he seemed



A FURTIVE-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL WAS CROSSING THE GANGPLANK OF THE STEAMER

Big Jim's Renunciation

to be drawing the line on those who had others dependent on them. It was unostentatiously done, but nevertheless excited remark, for which he cared nothing but went his way, grim, silent, and independent.

Spring came, the river was unlocked, ice-floes shoved themselves out in front of the floods of the headwaters, and the first steamer came from the Klondike. The camp was astir again and eager for news of the outer world. Prospectors looked forward to the summer's exploration and exploitation, and those who had been particularly fortunate laid plans for a trip to that greater world known as "the outside." Claims were for sale, and trade was brisk. The bars were patronized by men who rioted after a season's work, and the days had grown suddenly long until at midnight the light was strong. The cries of the waterfowl seeking the breeding-grounds of the far North were heard throughout all hours, trees were taking on their buds of green, patches of the hills showed bare and bright, and cabin doors stood open to the sun.

Big Jim sat behind his table steadily dealing, paying out and taking in. He had been unusually quiet now for days, and his luck had been bad. One player only was before him, a stranger who had arrived by the steamboat whose wheel slowly revolved in the current as she lay tied to the bank in front of the trading-post. The man played with a recklessness that betokened but few sittings in front of the green cloth, while Big Jim was playing to win, steadily, remorselessly, and persistently. He was the wolf again and this his victim.

"I want poker," the player suddenly exclaimed, and Big Jim, after hesitating a moment, closed the case rack, threw the box to one side, and opened a fresh deck of cards. Plainly he was out now for the money.

For two hours they shuffled, cut, and dealt in silence. The younger man lost steadily and was playing a game of wild desperation. Finally he laid his watch on the table, saying, with an oath, "I haven't a dollar or an ounce left."

Big Jim shook his head. "I don't play for anything but money," he said.

"That's right!" snarled the loser, shoving his chair back with a scrape so violent

that it fell to the floor. "You take my last ounce and then won't give me a chance to get on top again. You're a——" He stopped suddenly, for there was a look in Big Jim's steady gray eyes that forbade further speech.

Big Jim threw the deck on the table. "Shuffle those," he said. "I'll give you a chance. No man lives who can say I didn't give him his chance. Now cut! The highest card wins, and I'll lay a hundred against your ten-dollar watch."

The loser, with trembling hand, reached out and turned a deuce spot, and Big Jim quietly turned a king. The young man staggered to his feet, wiped his hand across his eyes feverishly, and started away.

"Here," called Big Jim. "I don't want your watch," but the man jammed his hat over his eyes and went out through the cabin door. Jim straightened up a minute and turned to those others in the room who had clustered around breathlessly watching the last turn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've no further use for gambling or for gamblers. You can all go your way, and I'll go mine. You've called me 'Big Jim, the gambler' ever since you've known me, but after this you can drop the last half of that."

He picked up the deck as he spoke, twisted the cards into a crumpled bunch of paper, then suddenly lifted them high above his head and with a vicious swing threw them to the floor, where they scattered, vivid patches of color in the dirt of many feet. With a quick sudden gesture he slammed his fist down on his layout. "Anybody who wants this can have it. I've turned my last card, and I'm going to be honest if I starve for it. By God, I am!"

They made way for him as he walked past them and went out through the door which had so lately seen the passing of his last victim. He paid no heed to the commotion behind. He was like a man in a dream of elation who has cast off a trying burden. He mentally reckoned his worth and knew that he had money enough now to buy a fraction of a claim which was very remote and unknown, but promising. He would take it, would go to it, and with his hands wrest from it a living, and then—and then!—he would come back to the woman. Would come, when he could, as other men who had injured none of their fellows or robbed women and children.



"MIGHTY CARELESS OF YOU TO LUG YOUR POKE AROUND WITH YOU"

He knew now that he wanted her more than anything on earth, that for her respect alone he would willingly give his life. To buy the claim and meet with success made all things possible. He threw his head back and took a long, full breath of the spring-laden air, then turned for a walk up the river bank where he could be alone and think.

As he came around a bend where alders swept their branches in the receding flood, a figure of despondency sat below him. There was something so hopeless in that quiet attitude, something so suggestive of despair, that he stopped and looked at it. Somehow he was stirred by it. He went toward the man, wondering what he could be doing there so close to the perilous edge of the flood which swirled at his feet.

The man turned, hearing the footsteps, and Big Jim recognized his victim. They looked at each other, one with despair in his eyes, the other with that new-born determination of honesty. Big Jim read deeply and understood. For an instant he gravely studied the other's haggard face.

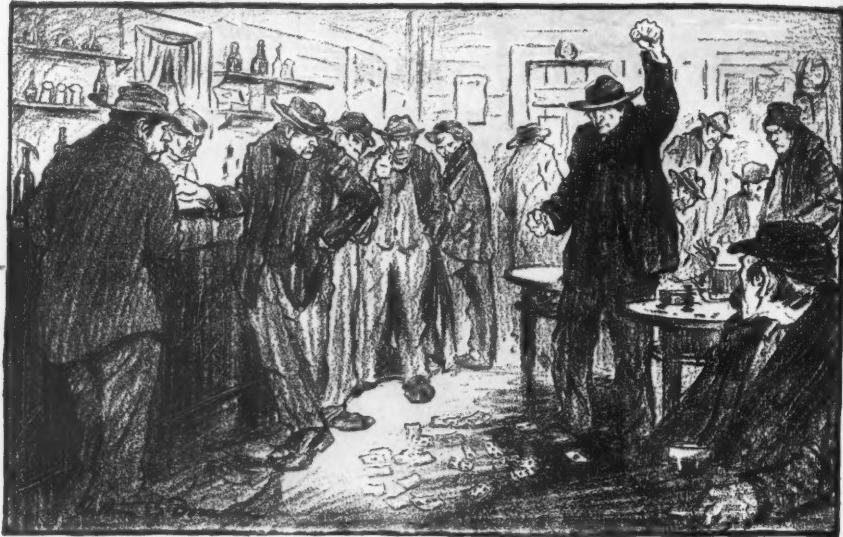
"Better not do it," he said, voicing the thought.

"What business is it of yours?" the other answered without rising. "You've got everything I had in the world," and again he turned his gaze on the waters below, as if fascinated by their summons.

"I won it fairly," Big Jim answered. The man at his feet seemed very young, barely beyond boyhood. He waited for a reply.

"Yes, fairly enough," came the answer. "No one ever accused you of being crooked. But I'm hard hit, just the same. I needed money—needed just five hundred more than I had before I could go back to her, otherwise I wouldn't have taken a chance." He spoke as if to himself, but his words reached the gambler.

"Look here, young fellow," Big Jim said, seating himself by the boy's side. "What do you mean by 'her'? Come on and tell me. I've been called a wolf, and lots of other things, but I've got a heart. What do you mean by 'her'?" He put his arm awkwardly over the boy's shoulder, and the latter, overwrought, talked with trembling



THE CARDS SCATTERED, VIVID PATCHES OF COLOR IN THE DIRT OF MANY FEET

lips and tried to keep the tears from creeping down his cheeks.

"We were to be married as soon as I could get money enough, and I had written her that I was coming, and she's waiting. But it's all right. It isn't your fault, it isn't your fault."

Big Jim talked in a very low and unusually kind voice. "You're nothing but a boy," he said, "and a big fool. I'm going to tell you something. It's off suckers like you that gamblers live. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking that you can beat a game, because you can't. It was my business to make my living by winning. It's professional skill, by men who know all about it, against the fellow who doesn't understand what he's up against. You lost your wad, and was about to jump into the river, just because you'd been a fool. You were going to be a bigger fool yet, and a coward as well, while the girl who believed in you would have waited, and waited, and waited, till her heart grew sick and there wasn't nothing worth living for. And all because you'd been a fool and a coward. You're young and 've got a lot to learn. I'm teaching you one thing, and I reckon you're getting your lesson well, and it's this: never, no matter what happens to you, never gam-

ble on anything, for anything, or with anybody."

The other sat as if ashamed of himself while Big Jim talked, then rose to his feet holding out his hand. "I'm obliged to you," he said. "It would have been cowardly. Now I'm going back up the river to look for work and make another try."

"No you're not," declared Big Jim. "I'm going to give you back your money and your watch, and you're going to remember what I've told you and never gamble again, and you're going right on out like a decent, clean, honest chap that keeps his word to the letter, and make that girl happy. Then you'll stay away from a country like this where you don't belong, and thank God for the chance to be what a man should, and that you've done no worse."

He fished the heavy buckskin bag from his pocket and crowded it into the other's hand and then shoved the watch after. "Good-by," he called, and trudged steadily away up the river bank toward his cabin.

It was the end of his dream. He couldn't buy the claim now, and he couldn't win the respect of the woman with the brown eyes. But he was glad he had kept the boy from jumping into the river, and

glad that he was done with gambling. It might come pretty tough for a while, but he would find a way, and, besides, he had a little property out in the States; but of course that wouldn't help him away up here in Alaska. He could go prospecting on what he had, that much was sure.

For hours he pottered about his cabin, stowing things away and making up a huge pack to be fitted to his unaccustomed shoulders. It would be hard work, all right, but he was strong and not old by any means, and he was honest. There was a new feeling of freedom in that. His jaw shut hard, and he shook his fist in the air as if at an enemy he was to conquer and said, "And now I can look anyone in the eye, and know that I'm as good as he is."

The camp was beginning to stir and the dawn was strong when he closed the cabin door and locked it with the big brass padlock. He was garbed for his new life, with a well-fitting blue-flannel shirt over his straight, broad shoulders, his belt drawn taut and new mukluks tied snugly around his sinewy calves. He leaned down on the door-step and fitted his arms into the big pack and swung away down the one-sided street of cabins which faced the river. There was none to bid him good-by nor to wish him luck, no one to give him Godspeed and hope for his speedy return. He was alone now, old associations cast behind, old habits dropped, and the hills to conquer.

As he came to the restaurant the door swung open, and the woman looked at him

in amazement. He would have passed, but she called him, and he stepped to her door.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "I am ashamed of what I said that time about your being a—" She hesitated and came to a stop; but he did not assist her and only looked deeply into her eyes.

She twisted her hands together and continued: "That man Smith, who is up in Dawson, told about what you did for the chekako, and last night I learned the truth. And I've heard too about—about last night and that you aren't going to gamble any more."

He slipped the pack from his back and stood quietly before her, not realizing the full purport of her words.

"And I want to tell you, too," she said, "that I know the boy whose money you took, and that you gave it back to him and have made a man of him, and—and—you asked once for my respect. I wanted to say before you went away that you already have it and that I hope we can be friends."

He took a step toward her, and she retreated within the shadow of the open door, where he followed. His life had not been conventional, nor was his action when he put his arms around her, and she, smiling through her tears, welcomed their shelter and knew that from now on their ways were as one.

And outside the sun shone on a pack which would no longer be an unwelcome burden, but a trifling weight to be borne for a little while into the land of honest promise, clean achievement, and golden dreams.





Owners of America

V. Charles M. Schwab

By Alfred Henry Lewis



ANY readers will arch the eyebrow of surprised remonstrance at the introduction of Charles Michael Schwab into the noble circle of our owners of America. And yet I think he belongs there; for he has had two hundred thousand men working for him at once—to whom one million mouths turned for meat and drink—with payrolls rumbling onward and upward into a monthly thunderous fifteen millions of gold. Besides, some account of his age, or rather his lack of it, should be taken; for Mr. Schwab, at forty-six, owns more of this world's gear than, with years matching his, belonged to Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan or Mr. Carnegie or any most puissant dollar-conqueror of them all. Thus far and thus fast has he come.

Also, I should call Mr. Schwab a very honest man, but with this proviso, that he is honest from his own standpoint, which is the standpoint of one who, besides being deflected by self-interest and blurred by an innate self-approval, conceives gambling—which produces nothing—to be quite as legitimate and as moral a method of money-finding as either agriculture or mining. Mr. Schwab is too wise an economist to believe that all may be gamblers and a world get on. But so he

would say of a world all farmers or miners. He reckons confidently on that natural distribution contingent on differences of bent, brains, enterprise, and opportunity to round out humanity as a whole and put each man's work into his hand. And so, reckoning on the producer he reckons on the gambler. Foreseeing the flea upon seeing the dog, Mr. Schwab is ready to think as well of the parasite as he does of honest Rover. True, I do not subscribe to these doctrines; but then I have neither that cradle-taste for gambling nor those millions which, as the fruits of it, so distinguish Mr. Schwab, to mold me in my honorable conclusions.

Before going to either the emanation or the peculiar achievements of Mr. Schwab, let us listen to a word from him. As he won dollars he evolved ideas, and—having in mind a source—the expression of those ideas should interest though it does not instruct. Let me correct my careless pencil. Upon second thought I shall not say he "evolved" ideas; rather he had them, as he had his money, from folk with whom he met and mingled, dealt with and talked with. He went filling his mind, while filling his pocket—at a ratio, however, of about one for the former to ninety-nine for the latter.

There is a smugness and complacent security to come with vast wealth, particularly when—with the health and the youth to taste

it in its highest flavor—its arrival is so early as to permit of contrast with a poverty that preceded it. Thus secure and smug the lucky rich one looks out upon the world with a bland, ingenuous aplomb, and in a spirit of amiable patronage is moved betimes to tutor humanity and teach it the way it should go. Having himself succeeded, your rich man will turn guide and show others the path to success. Attend ye, therefore, to the young words of Mr. Schwab. Not that they are like to leave you planet-struck by their deep originality: mankind has been swamped by floods of similar twaddle one thousand times one thousand.

"The man," says Mr. Schwab, "whom you hear say he 'never had a chance' lacks something. He lacks that indefinable something that stands for success, and if you look far enough you'll find that something to be a capacity and a disposition for hard work. The only luck I ever had was to be born with good mental powers and a good physical constitution that thrived on the hardest kind of work. I had enough hardships and trials. I would not give up the experience of a boyhood barren of luxuries and paved with obstacles for any amount of money."

Sounds a deal like Mr. Bounderby of Coketown, modified and softened, certainly, and measurably robbed of offense by the native kindness of Mr. Schwab.

There is nothing so self-misleading as victory. One mariner sails the ocean; smiling sky, breezes aft, deep water under his lucky forefoot every step of the way. Another shoves from shore. Lashed by storm, beaten upon by opposite winds, fog-bound, he is fi-

nally seized by some hungry, lurking reef, drawn down and devoured. And the next you hear that lucky saved one, thinking loftily on the lost one, is walking the proud beach, boasting of his superior seamanship.

And therefore we have young, rich, self-flattering Mr. Schwab filling his satisfied mouth with platitudes about "opportunity" and "luck," which thousands before him had uttered, and shouting, "I did it! I did it all!" in reference to what millions are his.

Money is so much like water that it commonly collects in lowest places, and our folk of many millions, instead of permitting their wealth to render them vain, should rather be led by it to a distrustful perusal of their moral, spiritual sides. Not that I expect our multi-millionaires to have instant advantage of the wisdom I here so freely furnish, making, by the light of it, a moral research of themselves. No matter how cheap you make shoes, geese will still go barefoot, and what I say is for the uplifting of the multitude rather than

the illumination of the Schwabs. The latter, I fear me, will never see much beyond their own money.

Finding the trust principle assailed and his fellows defending and explaining it, Mr. Schwab gives forth the conventional claptrap; tossing it off, however, with a sublime conviction that every word is a new golden nugget fresh digged from the intellectual ledge.

"The larger the output the smaller, relatively, is the cost of production," says Mr. Schwab, with a gravity born of youth uttering wisdom—borrowed wisdom. "This is a



CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Owners of America

trade axiom. It holds good whether the output consists of pins or of locomotives. It is much more economical, proportionately, to run three machines under one roof than it is to run one. It is cheaper to run a dozen than it is to run three, and cheaper still to run a hundred. Therefore the large plant has an undoubted superiority over the small plant, and this advantage increases almost indefinitely as the process of enlargement continues. The well-managed combination is a direct gain to the state. Anyone who doubts this need only consult the foreign newspapers. Everywhere he will find a cry of industrial alarm leveled, not at the individual American manufacturer, but at the American nation. This

is because combination has done for the American state what the individual was never able to do—put it in industrial control of the world. The capitalist and the laborer are equal sharers in the advantages the new scheme offers. Capital finds itself more amply protected, and labor finds an easier

route to a partnership with capital. To the workingman the combination offers the most feasible scheme of industrial cooperation ever presented."

Elaborate fustian! Excellent flapdoodle! Admirable buncombe! Amiable flubdub!

In the specimens given you have heard Mr. Schwab when in the instructive, and again when in the academic, mood; you shall now hear him in the mood perturbed. It was in a Ship Trust day, a day when Mr. Morgan invented the phrase "undigested securities," and there had been a dyspeptic uprising of the stock-peasantry. Hard things were being said of Mr. Schwab. This is what he retorted:

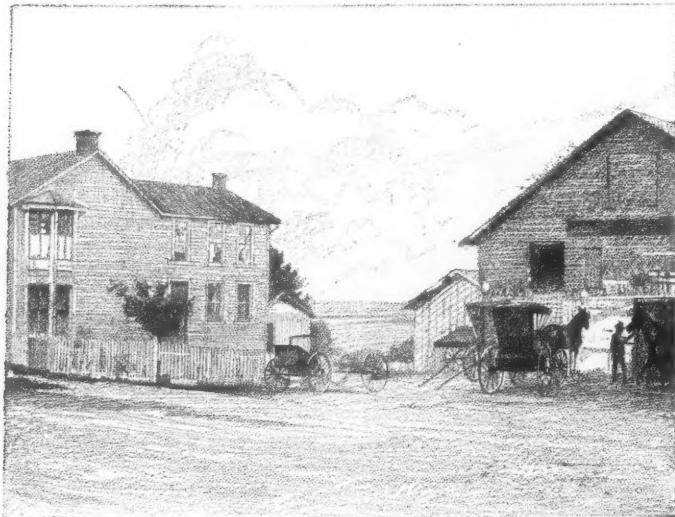
I give it for its style and

the contrast it offers to those *ex-cathedra* easy-chair impressions which the others extend.

"I made my money honestly. I have treated every business associate honorably. Not one of my friends, not one of my business associates, ever lost a cent through me on that ship-building concern. I have paid them



JOHN SCHWAB
Father of Charles M. Schwab



BOYHOOD HOME OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB, BRADDOCK, PENNSYLVANIA,
AND LIVERY STABLE OWNED BY HIS FATHER.



HOME OF CHARLES M. SCHWAB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

every cent they put in—with interest. I did not have to pay them a penny. I wouldn't have anybody say that I didn't do the right thing by my friends. I did not solicit anybody to go into the ship-building concern. They all came to me and wanted to buy. No person can say I did not do the fair thing by the stockholders of the steel-casting company."

Mr. Schwab, you observe, speaks only of fellow shareholders, saying nothing of the customers—among them the government—that bought the product of his mills. Still, what he says hasn't a bad sound, albeit I could wish there were less of whine and more of a vibrant virility.

Having had a glimpse of Mr. Schwab in the oak, let us turn to him in the acorn. Mr. Schwab is of German stock, and everyone since Tacitus has spoken well of the Germans. He "first saw light," as say the professional biography writers—I had almost written "righters"—at Williamsburg, Blair County, in the Keystone State. His father was a wage-worker in wool, and the Schwabs were very poor.

In 1867 the family moved to the village of Loretto, on the feather-edge of the Alleghanies—Loretto, founded by the royal priest Gallitzen, the century before. The foundation was religious, Roman Catholic, and Gallitzen left a convent of Franciscan monks to tend the altars he had reared and feed the fires he had lighted. These monks were established in the college of St. Francis, and it was from them boy Schwab received his schooling and religion.

The schooling could not have been exhaustive, for we discover boy Schwab, an urchin of twelve, face freckled like a lark's egg, driving the rattletrap "stage" on its five-mile runs between Loretto and Cresson—the latter the nearest railway station. After a bit the Schwabs, disliking Loretto, made a second pilgrimage, this time setting up their lares and penates in the town of Braddock.

Even while boy Schwab—freckled, and twelve, and by no means preoccupied with life and its problems—was driving that ramshackle Cresson-Loretto stage, we find him assailed by the luck which leads to fortune, the existence whereof he has in his gold-

swollen hour been at such pleasant pains to deny. A frequent passenger was Grocer Spiegelmire of Braddock. Having nothing else to do, Grocer Spiegelmire noticed that boy Schwab in his driving was far-seeing, quick, and sure; that he plumped into no chuck-holes, collided with no stumps; that he was on time and never behind when it came to "catching a train."

Moved of admiration for these qualities of accuracy, promptitude, and speed, Grocer Spiegelmire, now when the Schwabs were in Braddock, offered our young freckled hero a place in his store. And so, at stipends ranging from \$2.50 to \$5 a

week, boy Schwab worked for Grocer Spiegelmire, dispensing yellow soap, brown sugar, black molasses, and other mountain luxuries to the rude citizens of Braddock. Thus served he, until he touched the age of eighteen.

Again we are granted glimpses of that up-building luck which from the beginning has been busy about the footstones and the walls of Mr. Schwab, and which in its advent he was never—it seems—either to recognize or to know. Captain "Bill" Jones of Mr. Carnegie's Edgar Thomson Works bought his chewing-tobacco at Grocer Spiegelmire's. Now, it might well have been that Captain "Bill" had loathed the weed, or, loving it, had bought it elsewhere. It's in those very matters that boy Schwab's luck steps in. Captain "Bill" was not only slave to the vice of tobacco, but he ministered to it at Herr Spiegelmire's. Thus he became acquainted with boy Schwab, and—as Herr Spiegelmire before him—read in him those attributes of energy, wit, and initiative that have ever marked him and saved him.

Captain "Bill," buying "nigger head" at Herr Spiegelmire's and ruminating, we'll as-

sume, his cud, considered boy Schwab, and set him, at eighteen, to work in the retinue of a civil engineer, "carrying chain" and driving pegs, at the dazzling salary of a dollar a day, which was a dollar a week better than Herr Spiegelmire paid.

Boy Schwab, tall, strong, clear of head, quick of eye, good of habit—withal religious, not having forgotten the holy lessons of those brothers of St. Francis—was glad to enter this new field. Also he "carried chain" so learnedly, drove his pegs so wisely well, that within six months we find him chief of a "gang," and, for every purpose of Carnegie Steel, a full-fledged civil engineer.

Given the lucky opportunity, beholding the lucky door wide open, boy Schwab did all he might to help himself. He did not lie down and sleep beside his half-grown fortunes. Days he worked, nights he studied; on all occasions—like Mr. Carnegie before him—he did his utmost to give his employers a little more than they gave him.

There befell the usual result. Mr. Schwab was promoted to be manager of the Homestead Works; and when his friend and discoverer, Captain "Bill," passed over to the other side he was placed in charge of the Edgar Thomson Works as well. In the end, Mr. Carnegie—forever snapping up each formidable youngster lest he become an enemy—conferred upon Mr. Schwab a \$50,000 interest in Carnegie Steel, with a \$50,000 salary by way of garnishment. Here, then, was the beginning of the present Mr. Schwab.

Being thus advanced, Mr. Schwab did honor to the Carnegie preference. He neither flagged nor slackened; prosperity was to him as the milk of lions. He wrought like a Titan, thought of everything, overlooked nothing, and made a hundred dollars for Mr.



ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE, LORETO, PENNSYLVANIA,
WHERE MR. SCHWAB WENT TO SCHOOL

Carnegie for every dollar he made for himself. As for rectitude and the honesty of commerce, he was as whitely open as the sun. Finally, Mr. Schwab was president of Carnegie Steel, with everything of coal-mine and iron-mine and coke-oven and railroad and steamship and steel-mill sort that the name implies. Indeed, he stood forth the unfettered grand master of Steel at the age of thirty-six, and drew a bigger salary, had more men under him, with a larger pay-roll, than had any captain of industry who preceded him. Also, Mr. Schwab expanded domestically and socially, marrying unto himself a wife, buying a fashionable old mansion in Pittsburgh, and building another at Loretto; for he was no one to hoard his money, knowing how the miser saves only for the wicked.

Then came that last mighty "Morganization" of Steel. The Steel Trust was founded, with Mr. Carnegie owner, Mr. Morgan promoter, and Mr. Schwab president, the latter with a salary of \$100,000 and a dray-load of Steel Trust stocks and bonds. It was at this crisis that Mr. Schwab stepped fully into the limelight, where he has ever since remained.

Somewhat I've hurried through these earlier years of Mr. Schwab, upward-climbing years, years of triumphant sunshine. I am eager to get to the unfortunate story of the Ship Trust. Not that it is calculated to wring the Schwabian withers, for I have reason to believe that he regards his part therein as a miracle of probity and self-sacrifice. Indeed, Mr. Schwab's threshold share was that of Ship Trust victim. Going forth to shear, he was shorn; only, in considering his fleeced condition he has ever appeared wholly to forget, or rather seemed incapable of either remembering or understanding, that in what

was done to him he received only what he was preparing to do to others. Likewise the affair displays an ignorance, arm-linked with a vanity on the side of Mr. Schwab, which is too common among us of this our day and race.

The American millionaire does not limit the born sweep of his genius to one poor pair of trades, but holds himself equal to everything. So it was with Mr. Schwab. He could make the best steel in the world, but he knew little or nothing about a stock company. None the

less, taught by his ownership of millions that all things must be easy to his wits and fingers, the shoemaker forsakes his last and goes to smash on shipyards.

Mr. Schwab was the sublime head of the Steel Trust, and we may think somewhat in love with his own commercial looks—a sort of trade Narcissus, being young, with a business past as glancingly beautiful as a comet—when affairs began leading toward a final Ship Trust. A coterie of publicists whose want of scruple was in proportion to their Senate prominence began to agitate for a ship subsidy. The agitation aroused the attention of the pub-

lic. The public commenced to murmur; for a subsidy is never popular and always wrong. As the murmur swelled, those publicists shrank away from that pillage as though a lion roared.

Incited by the prospective fatness of that subsidy, divers gentlemen with a willingness for riches and a carelessness as to how those riches came about, set to considering a Ship Trust. Mr. Lewis Nixon was of these. Mr. Nixon was peculiarly that sort of personage who would be first to go into a Ship Trust, while being the last who ought to have been admitted. History hears of Mr. Nixon, as



CAPT. "BILL" JONES

The man who took young Schwab from the grocery store at Braddock into the Edgar Thomson steel works

Owners of America

early as 1901, as the promoter of a Ship Trust. The combination—if it were a combination—went to pieces when the public growled down that proposal of subsidy.

But the public could not growl down the Ship Trust eagerness of Mr. Nixon. He had caught the smell of money in the idea; and what says Vespasian? "The smell of all money is sweet." Therefore he evolved a second Ship Trust proposal.

It was about this time, being early in 1902, that Mr. Schwab, head of the Steel Trust, became the most-talked-of figure in the field of money. Mr. Nixon went to Mr. Schwab. Mr. Schwab listened, believed, and set down his name for five hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock.

Mr. Schwab was so easy that the promoters of the Ship Trust were inspired to come again. Mr. Le Roy Dresser, a gentleman who felt that he must be a financier because he was a connection by marriage of the Vanderbilts, enters into this scene. Mr.

Nixon and Mr. Dresser came seeking Mr. Schwab. They bore in their hopeful clutch a prospectus marked "Private and confidential." It recited the proposed consolidation, as the "United States Ship-building Company," of a group of eight enterprises. These were:

Union Iron Works.....	\$2,000,000
Bath Iron Works.....	100,000
Hyer Windlass Company.....	100,000
Crescent Shipyards.....	1,200,000
S. J. Moore & Sons Company.....	500,000
Eastern Ship-building Company.....	500,000
Harlan & Hollingsworth Company.....	1,000,000
Canda Manufacturing Company.	Capital not stated.

The total capitalization of this group was \$5,400,000. Their real value was so small that to state it would excite laughter. Some notion of the last should be gained from the brief story of the Crescent. It had been incorporated for the purpose of becoming part of the proposed Ship Trust, the capital stock, as exhibited, being fixed at \$1,200,000. Upon a final investigation it was disclosed that the whole amount of money—being a first and last investment—put into that swelling institution was three thousand dollars.

The plan contemplated \$20,000,000 in stock, common and preferred, and \$16,000,000 in bonds. Also, the Mercantile Trust Company and Mr. Dresser's Trust Company of the Republic—the latter having been organized to carry the Ship Trust in its arms—would do the banking for the organization and handle its stocks and bonds. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Dresser referred to Bethlehem Steel. "Could not Mr. Schwab put that insti-

tution into the Ship Trust? It would call for a rearrangement of the plan of Ship Trust organization, to be sure, but that was feasible and easy."

Eighteen months before, when a ship subsidy was being mooted and wise folk were preparing, Messrs. Ryan, Harriman, and Schiff asked Mr. Schwab to visit the Bethlehem Works and negotiate an option. Mr. Schwab met the Bethlehem people. The latter said their price was \$15,000,000; the option they refused. It was "buy at once or call the matter off."



MRS. CHARLES M. SCHWAB



IMMERGRÜN, MR. SCHWAB'S COUNTRY HOUSE, LORETO, PENNSYLVANIA

Mr. Schwab bought the Bethlehem Works for \$15,000,000, and gave his check for \$100,000. Then he told Messrs. Ryan, Harriman, and Schiff.

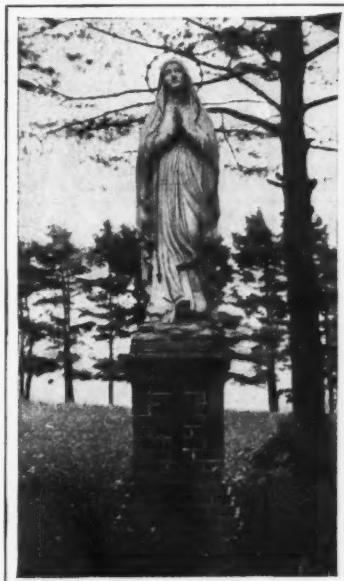
Messrs. Ryan, Harriman, and Schiff were smitten of doubts. The public had started that anti-subsidy growl, and the cheek of their hope was whitening. They said that "Mr. Schwab had not been authorized to buy the Bethlehem Works; they had asked only for an option. Messrs. Ryan, Harriman, and Schiff must repudiate the action of Mr. Schwab. They would not take the Bethlehem Works at \$15,000,000."

Mr. Schwab went forward with the purchase. He paid \$7,500,000, and gave his notes for a like sum at six per cent. Being head of the Steel Trust, he felt delicate about owning privately a rival plant. Feeling thus delicate, Mr. Schwab "sold" the Bethlehem Works to Mr. Morgan for what he

had given. Mr. Morgan "paid" Mr. Schwab \$7,500,000 in cash, and took his place as owner of Bethlehem Steel.

Mr. Morgan, being approached, was willing to restore Bethlehem Steel to Mr. Schwab on the terms it had come to him. Mr. Schwab "paid" Mr. Morgan \$7,500,000 in cash, and received back Bethlehem Steel. Also, Mr. Schwab would give Mr. Morgan, for his good-natured restoration of Bethlehem, \$5,000,000 of Ship Trust stock.

Mr. Schwab, owner of Bethlehem Steel, was now ready to deal with Mr. Nixon. The new plan should contemplate an issue of \$40,000,000 of stock, half common, half preferred, and bonds for \$26,000,000. Mr. Schwab, putting in Bethlehem Steel, was to have stock, \$20,000,000, half common and half preferred, and bonds to an aggregate of \$10,000,000. For those eight excellent—on paper—companies, Mr. Nixon



STATUE TO "OUR LADY OF THE PINES"
In the grounds of St. Francis' College,
Loretto, presented by Mr. Schwab

and his principals were to have stock, \$20,000,000, half common and half preferred, and bonds to a round figure of \$16,000,000.

When complete agreement between Mr. Schwab and Mr. Nixon with Mr. Dresser had been arrived at, it was suggested that those helpful banking concerns, and Mr. Pam the lawyer, and Mr. Nixon, and what others had been concerned in hooking and eyeing the combination together, should be given \$5,000,000 in stock as a bonus for their yeoman services as "promoters." This was done, and the capital stock increased to \$45,000,000.

Thus the matter stood when in June, 1902, the Ship Trust, under the laws of New Jersey, was launched. Mr. Schwab received his stock in two certificates, one for \$10,000,000, common, one for \$10,000,000, preferred. From each of these a \$2,500,000 slice was cut for Mr. Morgan. Mr. Schwab's \$10,000,000 in bonds were given a special voting power as stock and secured by mortgage on the Bethlehem Works, while those \$16,000,000 in bonds—not voting—which went to the owners of the eight shipyard companies, were upheld by mortgage on that high-priced octagon of plants. This gave Mr. Schwab control.

With the new combination thus happily consummated, Mr. Schwab crossed to Europe as if to relax himself after so much hard, good work, and Mr. Nixon prevailed as president of the Ship Trust. It quickly developed how those eight companies possessed little or less in the way of riches. Their "working capital" dwindled to nothing; they could not get a dollar nor move a wheel. They produced no profits—nothing save deficits.

The eight companies asked the Ship Trust, Mr. Nixon president, for money. The Ship Trust, Mr. Nixon president, notified the Bethlehem to turn in what profits it had on hand. The Bethlehem declined to turn in.

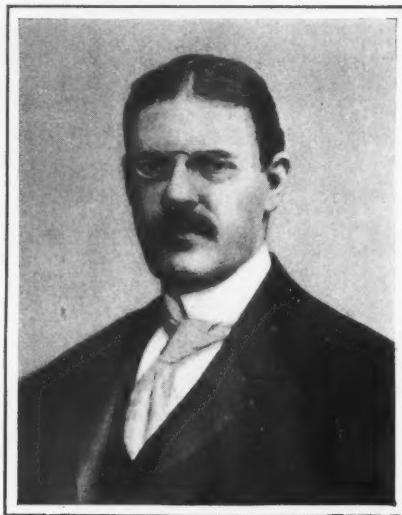
Thus stood affairs, the eight companies asking for money and Mr. Nixon demanding it for them of Bethlehem—which wouldn't give it up—when Mr. Schwab came home.

Mr. Schwab planned reorganization. He would reduce Ship Trust stock from \$45,000,000 to \$30,000,000; cut down the bonds from \$26,000,000 to \$3,000,000. Then a new trouble began to gather like a cloud. The Nixon-Dresser group, with their stock of \$20,000,000 and their bonds of \$16,000,000, had been busy. As soon as a fool had drifted within the radius of their influence they sold him stocks and bonds. These fool people objected to the proposed reorganization; it meant a cutting in two of their hopes.

Mr. Schwab resolved to pay off those fool people who had bought Ship Trust securities. He ordered a list made out. It was longer than the Fleischmann bread line! Mr. Schwab bought up Mr. Morgan's \$5,000,000 of stock and Mr. Pam's \$1,000,000 of promotion stock. He sent abroad for great and small. When the smoke of that liquidation blew aside Mr. Schwab's fortunes were leaner by seven millions.

There you have a charcoal sketch of the Ship Trust. I tell it not because it throws a light on Mr. Schwab, but as a perfect example of high finance and the way in which our "owners," little by little, dollar by dollar, came to own America.

From standpoints of business, as the term is understood, Mr. Schwab's part was wholly honest. And yet, what was he purposed doing? He was—personally—about to "water" \$15,000,000 of Bethlehem stock and bonds into \$30,000,000 of Ship Trust stock and bonds. The amazing thing is that he would consent—for his own interest—to the eight Nixon companies, proclaiming an aggregate worth of less than \$6,000,000, "watering"



LEWIS NIXON
Promoter of the Ship Trust

themselves into an aggregate of \$36,000,000 of stocks and bonds. Then there is that promotion—\$5,000,000. I don't wonder, after that, when Mr. Schwab speaks of "nervous breakdown" and goes seeking European rest at Monte Carlo. To be sure, he saw to it that his bonds were granted a voting vitality, which left him thirty points in Ship Trust control to the others' twenty-five. But see what a trap this honest man—for he is honest—is setting to catch a guileless public. At the best his Ship Trust fellows take less than \$20,000,000 of raw assets—these are their own figures—and assure mankind, invited to purchase, that their value is \$71,000,000. And this is "business"—the "business" that gambles and doesn't produce; that seeks dupes, not customers; that keeps its eye on the stock-ticker rather than on the steelworks or the shipyard.

It is my trade to know men, and to turn them and study them as one might the pages



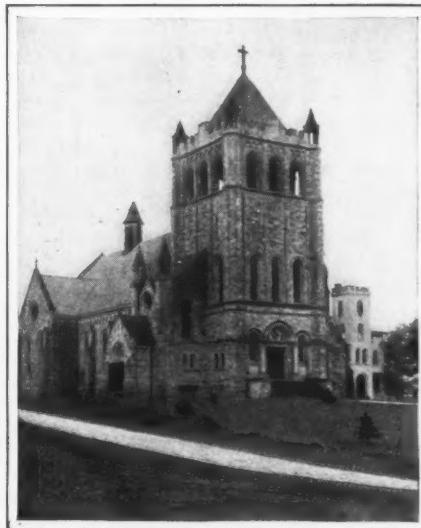
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, HOMESTEAD, PENNSYLVANIA

Built by Mr. Schwab

of a book; and, in thus studying men and knowing them, I've discovered that of all the words over whose definition men quarrel and differ and never agree, the word "honesty" is chief.

In figure Mr. Schwab is tall, straight as a lance—a handsome, graceful model of a man. He is frank, confident, tolerant, amiable, courteous. Being democratic, the poorest, the humblest can come to him. No one will be near him without liking him; and—bar "business"—no one will meet him without trusting him. Also, the trustful one will be justified of that trust. If what I shall call Mr. Schwab's "business honesty" has curvature of the spine, as evidenced in that unhappy Ship Trust, it is due to his commercial bringing up. Moreover, his trade-spine is quite as straight as are the spines of Mr. Ryan, Mr. Carnegie, and the rest of his fellow "owners"; and, because he is younger and fresher and not so naturally a "business man," perhaps a little straighter. When, on the last great day, the spirit-level of eternal justice is clapped to the business spines of many who deem themselves in all things perpendicular, they will be found most sadly, most surprisingly, most hopelessly out of plumb.

Mr. Schwab likes the theater. For books and art he is eaten of the usual rich man's



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Presented by Mr. and Mrs. Schwab to the Roman Catholics of Loretto

affectations. He enjoys great names; and, even in doing good—and he delights in doing good—would prefer, as its beneficiary, the widow of General Grant to the widow of some unknown, unsung citizen around the corner. He makes no specialty of spotlessness. He likes luster, glory; he likes folk of fame and celebration—even those who dwell in the tents of the ungodly. In short, he is a snob, like the balance of us—you and me and all the rest.

Once I passed seven conversational hours with Mr. Schwab. I have never met a clearer mind, or one who could more concisely, more lucidly, more convincingly give reasons for the hopes within him. Conservative, not radical—yet no one to throw himself into a well because his father digged it. Prompt, sharp, decisive, he is no less cool, and, when the house is afire, doesn't hurl himself from a window, but goes down by the stair. Vital—he likes music, color, lights, bustle, companionable men and beautiful women. Rich—he has that itch for physical speed which, as a kind of madness, is a so usual concomitant of millions; and he goes whizzing by in automobiles or surging about in yachts. He is pleased by new company, new scenery, new sensations; he can dine like a Lucullus, knowing good from evil in a bill of fare. He revels in adventure, money-adventure, and at that he is modest and tractable. When he, with Mr. Gates, ravishes, cornerwise, the Louisville-Nashville from Mr. Belmont, and has that latter unlucky financier lying helpless before him, Mr. Morgan has but to hint that our hero's speculations are rocking the boat, and he lets up.

Mr. Schwab builds an industrial school at

Homestead for the good of the workingman; and yet, biased by his own money caste, he is against labor unions. Not at all is he against money unions. He is not unhandsomely exalted by his millions, while desiring it known that he has arrived at that pitch of fortune where folk—commercially—do not talk, but “confer,” and—domestically—do not marry, but “contract alliances.” These, however, be harmless weaknesses, and in nowise offend. And while he builds upon his money I think Mr. Schwab knows fully its limitations. He is aware that, though he used plow of gold and harrow of silver, the crop would not be increased. Also I can very well see that without a dollar he would be happy. Mrs. Schwab was a Miss Emma Dinkey of Carbon County, Pennsylvania. They have no children, and to that extent of childlessness his money is a dreariness to Mr. Schwab.

Here, in haphazard, you have some of the high points in the topography of Mr. Schwab. No Ole Bull, still he plays his fiddle, no Paderewski, yet the piano responds to his touch. In his uncultured youth he was even a member of one



DANIEL LE ROY DRESSER

President of the defunct Trust Company of the Republic, organized to finance the Ship Trust

those fell conspiracies, those unholy organizations of noise bandits, *videlicet*, our rural brass bands. Mr. Schwab builds churches—two—and reads the Bible so sedulously as to be able to report that, from cover to cover, there isn't a word against gambling. For myself, I hope I may never find worse company than Mr. Schwab—suave, plausible, of friendly atmosphere. He is highly agreeable across table, viewed through the after-dinner smoke of a cigar. And this, in our so short life, is no small matter, and more when you remember that there be ones among our revered “owners” whose merest social nearness would kill a tree.

The Story of Judith

By Mary White Slater

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



"YOU are sure of yourself?"
She met her father's keenly contemplative regard with the quick telepathy of a twin intellect.

"There's a mental reservation in that, daddy. What is it about John Drysdale that you do not like?"

He shuffled uneasily in his chair, shooting at her an oblique glance from the tail of an evasive eye. "It's hardly that, it's hardly that, Judy." He met again her insistent blue gaze. "You see, we have every right to resent the robbery of our one ewe-lamb, your mother and I—"

"Pooh!" skeptically, "mother's pleased enough."

"And—there's something about his manner. Perhaps I should say, a lack of something—"

"Pshaw, daddy! He's engrossed in great things. There's so much to him beyond mere manner," a wistful hint of reproach in her tone; "you surely appreciate that, dear?"

He caught the appeal, but held as firmly as he could. "Well, I don't deny there's a great deal to him mentally, physically, and—financially; so is there to you. It's—you see, he's so cock-sure of himself, autocratic, brusque, dominant, and all that."

"He can't help knowing his own ability, daddy, or prevent its distinguishing him from all other men."

"H'm!" with a guttural purr at the finality of her, "I see." From a complicated play of wrinkled forehead and indulgent eye he looked the solicitous love that lay mute on his tongue. "And so you fancy this medieval lord of creation. Do you realize, Queen Judith, that you've been used to pulling your mother and me and society in general around by the nose?"

"Yes, and that must be very bad for me."

It was the sweet, silver, confident chime of the voice of eighteen.

"Oh! You look very good to me, Judy. But," eyes a-twinkle, "if you think of marrying Drysdale as a discipline——"

She was on the arm of his chair, stopping his mouth. "Since you're satirical, daddy, it means that you consent."

"No, it only means that you consent, Judy. I'm just the dutiful American father—with a pulled nose."

Her mother had simply asked her if she loved Drysdale, and Judith's answer was conclusive. Nevertheless what her father had said was true; there was a hint of the untamed elemental in John Drysdale that had made its strange wild appeal to her. In spite of conventions that had polished him to the subtlest brilliancy of intellect and hedged him in the extreme niceties of life, she felt under his compelling eye the breathless pursuit of the primitive man for his mate. It was the nice balance of the two qualities that fascinated her, though even then, a sweetly wondering bud of a girl with all the possibilities for character packed tightly in the firm green calyx, she was wise enough to know that in choosing her he had made a careful study of the unities of family and finance before yielding to his own unerring taste as a connoisseur in women; but she had glorified him from afar, and it sweetened the very depths of her soul to know that after many dallings in many gardens of girls, she in her first season had successfully embodied his difficult ideal. And if slow discriminating processes had intervened between his choice of her and his own approval of it, he had wooed her with all the swift, irresistible coercion of a strong unjaded heart charged with an eagerness electric, vivifying, intense. He did nothing by halves, and the top of the spring was in her blood; so it was not strange that she mistook his native zeal in the acquirement of any object for the all-

absorbing love that sways the soul of a strong man.

The first weeks of his unalloyed ecstasy in the possession of her were followed by a period of undisguised indifference, leaving her in questioning wonder, anxious, self-accusative. His return only augmented her amazement. Then came low-tide hours of doubt when she did not dare to think, followed by a swelling flood of determined loyalty and faith when the world proclaimed him great, a brilliant new star in the surgical sky; yet by the end of the first year of their married life, isolated from the society of a strange city by a period of deep mourning for the death of her father, she found herself living in complete solitude except for the servants.

Drysdale, dominated by intellectual passion, engrossed in work, professional journeys, and the adulation offered to success, had gradually resumed his club habits, taking only occasional meals at home and these often by special order alone in his study. He had no consciousness of neglecting his wife, having the flaw of a crude masculine egotism that underestimated the capacity of women, making him prefer a wife totally unconnected with his work, relegating her to the accepted duties of motherhood, home, and society, with the exaction that she be always exquisite in appearance and tact.

She, the erstwhile Judith Marchmont, charming autocrat of her hurrying young world with but eighteen years in it, distinctly lovely as any lone chrysanthemum, the specialized product of its race, was designed for joy and expectant of it; and being ignorant of the grinding woes and wants that weave the very life-tissues of commonplace humanity, she met her new loneliness with tragic wonder. Though she came of academic stock, of people who for centuries had been wont to string more than two or three thoughts into logical sequence, she had not hitherto been awakened to the need of any private, purposeful use of her own powers for judgment, since the brief intervals of silence in her life had been necessary merely for taking breath, or filled with the wildly sweet abstractions that spring up in the heart of happy youth. She now had not only the world but herself to meet and reckon with.

When her enchanted garden of love, the theater of all her actions, turned into a

desert of sand, she sat, a wistful, forlorn Ariadne, her occupation gone. Drysdale's continued indifference and grief for her father made her turn with yearning desperation to her bereaved mother, and an impulse to make her an immediate visit offered release from insistent thought; but upon consideration she recoiled from that warm contact which might precipitate her into vital confidence. To avoid sad deductions, she held her own self at bay and could not take even her accustomed pleasure of whole-hearted correspondence with her mother. The emotional resort attributable to women for centuries, of seeking a warm personal God in her closet, was impossible to her; she was neither prayerful nor tearful, possessing a poise that came from her innate confidence in the impersonal workings of a law that nullified God's need of persuasion or praise, or of any other service of her than the adaptation of her conduct to that law as far as she knew. Then, from the wholesome domestic duties of most women she was barred by the detailed régime of wealth, with its yawning line of liveried servants. She was still too young for definite altruistic aspirations and too full of mental and physical energy for idleness. So she turned to the things next, perfected the braiding and massing of her own beautiful hair, forced an intimacy with her needle, walked, rode, shopped, spent long hours at the piano and in the sanctuary of books, and defied a final reckoning with the situation.

Keen to Drysdale's comings and goings, his reckless slamming of the street-door startled her into throbbing attention; she listened to his rare rich laugh in the hall below, to the old servant's protest, his quick leap up the stairs past her apartments to his own, then swiftly down again to the study. Whelming love made excuses for him. He was one of the world-workers absorbed in things that did good: what right had she, a mere time-killer, to be exacting? With an ardent woman's need to be the joy of her husband, she swallowed her pride and with constricted throat and swelling bosom descended the stairs, tapped at the study door, and entered with smiling tender eyes—a lovely, wistful young thing full of the appeal of her sex—to meet his quick preoccupied answers and insinuating impatience at her intrusion. She withdrew with a mortified sense of the impotence of her

beauty and charm for him and of the dull triviality of her entire existence.

Yet, still too wilfully blind and youngly optimistic to acknowledge once for all that his first loving absorption in her had been but a happy episode in the course of his acquirement of a beautiful woman of wealth and family distinction for his wife, she shut her mental eyes and ears to the sickeningly painful suggestion that was struggling for birth in her brain. She became possessed of a wild desire to do something, anything, to disturb the maddening negativeness of his attitude. A weaker woman would have charged the monotony with tears, bickerings, hysteria, to compel at least his professional attention. She was only beginning to see how strong she was. Pride would not allow her tongue to become articulate or her tears visible; back of their futile swelling, back of the knot in her throat, back of the rebellious beatings of her insulted child-heart, she saw herself a woman, reasonable, calm, adequate, ultimately regulating her life to whatever expediency demanded. Pride compelled her to accept quietly her husband's unconscious indifference, but in this matter of pride she felt that she would outmatch Drysdale himself or it would be diamond cut diamond.

Then there came into her loneliness a strangely exquisite hour, flooding the gray to rose, melting her silence into one illogical, inconsequential cry for her husband.

On that same day, with the electric flash that forced the realization of every keen desire of his, after weeks of complete professional absorption, he burst into her boudoir and flung a telegram into her lap. His fine face was flushed, the determinate lips set in a straight line of purpose.

"Read that, Judith."

She took the paper fearfully, visioning the delicate face of her mother in some new distress. It was the happy announcement of his college chum, their familiar friend, of the birth of a son, ending with the facetious query, "When do we congratulate you?" She read it all a-smile with more than friendship's gladness, and, in love again with fate, gave him a slow, happy gaze of ineffable meaning, dropping her white eyelids with the conscious weight of the sweetest burden of a loving woman's life.

"John—"

But a storm from a clear sky had burst upon her. Pacing the room with automatic

strides, he betrayed his pent indignation and impatience that she had not yet borne him a son. He emphasized the absolute futility of childless marriages, declaring that no law should compel a man to live his life without its natural fulfilments; that childlessness balked the greatest gratification of a man's life, since it robbed him of the only immortality of which he had any certainty. "The game's not worth the candle unless one has a son."

That sentence rang the knell of her desire to clothe him with illusions. She stared at him large-eyed, wanting to laugh, weep, wail, but only went cold to the marrow. He was suggesting that some physical disarrangement in her had caused her to disappoint his dearest hopes, and urged with irritated mastery that she submit at once to his examination and treatment. Dumb, impassive, she was striving to adjust herself to the irony of it all. She had just felt the quickening, and the joyful announcement was fresh on her lips for him: it was to have drawn them close, perhaps for always. The rapturous glow around her heart, the warm glamour of the charming fact, calmed, cooled, faded—a glorious sunrise suddenly gone gray. She saw herself at last in the crude, common light of his vision—a mere means to an end.

She answered him coldly, dully, that he was not to be disappointed, since his child was surely coming; that she had only very recently suspected her condition and had waited for the assurance of to-day to tell him, knowing that he would prefer a deferred certainty to disappointed hopes. Blind to any lack in her, he gathered her to his heart, tears swelling, with a man's convulsive sob of intense joy. She was surprised at her deadness; something had gone out of her that never came back.

Thereafter she made no pose of tragedy, accepting things as they were with the heart-breaking logic of a clear insight, knowing that the years stretching before would bring between her and her husband only prosaic adaptations to practical ends; that the best was over for her while she was still very young. But a green hope was springing up in her breast—the child. She had gained an object in life, work for her hands, an altar for the immolation of self.

Heralded by exaggerated care on his part, the baby came—a girl—and his great disappointment chilled the birthday. Yet as

The Story of Judith

the years went on and no other child followed, the half-welcomed girl, by a whimsy trick of fate fashioned to delight even Drysdale's fine exactions, drew him into the circle of her enchantment, making him turn to her in the sweet spare hours of his ever-increasing affairs, as the freed schoolboy turns to the fetish-toy. Judith watched the child reach a place in him that she, the wife, had never penetrated—the inner court of his selfhood. She understood now that he was in love with himself in the child and could give his best only to what was of himself, flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone; that she must necessarily remain alien to him and only indirectly contribute to his happiness by way of the child, who idolized him and loved her.

Meanwhile she knew that, in the dim limbo of his consciousness, he felt her presence always in the background as a man feels a safe, valuable asset—a something dependable, useful, ornamental, correct; that he rested carelessly content in the possession of her as a devoted mother, an adequate social representative, and a mistress of the complicated connections of high life in a large city; but it was with a complete absence of joy that she felt herself thus indispensable to him, since even that equivocal value lay hidden in the habitual, and nothing but change, disorder, or loss could awaken him to it.

To-night that culminating change had come. Their idolized daughter, the sweet presence that, all unconscious, had kept the balance of the domestic swing, holding their detached souls to conventional if distant orbits, had been brilliantly married and driven away amidst showers of rice. The last guest had departed, and the old mansion, filled with the flower-sweet débris of a happy girl's wedding, was being rapidly restored to order by deft, light-footed servants. Drysdale, exulting in the marriage that had placed his daughter on an English social pinnacle, had shut himself up in his study.

Judith, giddy at the child's removal, sat staring at herself in the pier-glass. In view of the fact that she considered leaving her husband's house in a few hours—not to return—it would not seem to matter much how she looked, and it was with a shamed sense of the melodramatic that she gazed at her own beauty, a thing familiar, long established, and unproductive of happiness; but she had a woman's desire to know how

she would look to him when she sought him a few moments hence, for the first time in years, in the study. Even to her unenthusiastic eye the Judith of the glass looked strangely young and lovely, and she was full of a bitter wondering that disillusion, unassuaged longing, and joylessness seemed somehow preservative of youth. She knew that the woman reflected would be a fool to play the part projected for her in the next scene, that she ought to go on living in the childless house, holding her place next to Drysdale in law if not in fact; by the law of common sense, the private juries of her sex, and the decent demands of convention, that was the only conduct advisable or even permissible, and she had all the thoroughbred woman's distaste for extremes of action in her kind.

Yet, at the departure of the child, bereft of her life's object and full of sickening, perhaps foolish, forebodings for the young girl's inner experiences, tortured by the thought of being alone in the house with Drysdale's indifference, she became obsessed with a longing to go at once to her mother, whose illness had prevented her presence at the wedding. The pain of an old situation was gripping her with a force that threatened to grow into the old agony of pride, since from its first twinges she found herself emerging from the years of banked-up motherhood the same proud, insulted creature of that early day. Only the child's prospective coming had kept her then; the child was gone—how was her situation different? Was she not left wretchedly alone at that anxious, forlorn moment in a mother's life, when, after the foolish babel of laughter, old shoes, and rice, she faces the naked fact that she has given her all, her baby, a tender girl-child of the passionless purity and faith of eighteen, into the keeping of a strange man? She shuddered with the chill that comes to women at the thought of a child's lonely grave on a distant hillside under the cold drizzle of midnight rain. Other husbands and wives, she supposed, would have sought some silent nook of the house, to sit together hand in hand, comprehending. She longed for the tender trivialities of her mother's tongue, the touch of her hand. Why should she not go to her? To be warmly necessary to some one would be enough for her, and her mother needed her. Her departure would be quiet, without argument or questions of money, since



"IF YOU DO THIS MAD THING, SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL DISGRACE YOU!"

The Story of Judith

both she and Drysdale had the means to go luxuriantly in separate ways. Still, there were the surprise and the mortification of it for their daughter. In consideration of this, Judith felt a strong revulsion against her proposed conduct, which suddenly seemed madly quixotic; twenty years of living in a man's house and mothering their child ought to be enough at least for comfortable friendship, and it was an absurd period to lie between a girl's impulse and a woman's act. It was worse than melodrama; it was a wretchedly poor farce. She would go to bed.

Rising with a move to summon her maid, Drysdale's voice in the hall below arrested her. She went out to the head of the stairs and peered down.

"Throw them out, Peel, at once. The air is nauseating."

"But the mistress, sir, she wanted them kept specially. Miss Katherine tossed them to her at the last moment."

"Pshaw! The flowers are all withered from the heat. Get them all out of the house as soon as possible."

He went into the study, leaving the door slightly ajar. Swayed by an impulse stronger than her inner protest, she slowly descended the stairs, entered the study, closed the door, and stood there with her hand on the knob.

Her first glimpse of his face was in profile, as he sat in a huge leathern chair near a littered table. His handsome head was whitening at the temples, the touch of frost adding new dignity to the patrician face. An instant intuition of some new significance in her appearance brought his eyes to her face, luminous with intention. She saw that his book was a pretense, for in his eyes glowed the light of gratified ambition and the pride of life, and she met with no illusion the unexpected sweetness of his rare smile, so overwhelming to the recipient by the surprise of its gracious favor.

"Well, Judith, our ladybird has flown."

He regarded her with mild curiosity, newly struck with the wild-wood grace of her tall slenderness as she stood there, a flower blooming white and sweet from the spangled gloom of her evening gown. She knew the look; he too was wondering how she had preserved that essential youngness at thirty-eight. It was his old satisfaction in an object of art, for she made an agreeable picture for him, as she leaned lightly against the

door, the purple of fatigue enhancing the size of her eyes.

"Why aren't you in bed? You must be worn out with all this fuss and feathers. I advise you to go at once. I have a little work here, but shall turn in myself, soon."

He settled himself aggressively in the chair, noisily rustling the papers, a finger marking the loosely closed volume.

"I came to tell you, John, that I leave for home on the early morning train."

A vague hint of something strained in her might have reached him, for he looked surprised. "Home? Do you mean your mother's? She can surely wait a day or two to hear the details of Katherine's wedding. It's my opinion that she could have come if she had wanted to sufficiently. I saw Tom Garrison at the surgeons' banquet the other night. He said your mother had gone out quite a little this winter. Her rheumatism can't be so bad. At any rate, I prefer that you postpone your visit until the house is again in running order. This immediate flitting looks bad. It's not like you, Judith, to leave everything to the servants."

"I said nothing about a visit. I am going home to stay."

The words came clear, chiseled, insistent. He closed the book, swung his chair from an indifferent side-view to a full facing of her. Her quiet mask of the years deceived him into a doubt of her plain words; to him she was a cold, dignified, self-contained woman, submissive only to his lead.

"What do you mean, Judith? You speak of your mother's house as home. Your home is here, if twenty years of living in it are any guaranty. You are either slovenly or wilfully perverse in your terminology."

Eye to eye, for the first time in years she felt again the old compelling magnetism. This first assertion of herself had brought him out to meet her! Is this the way the other kind of woman succeeds? Would it have been better if she had been capable of the small tactics of thrust and return, instead of the long silence? Well, the silence was broken at last for better or for worse.

"This house has never been home to me, John."

The moment held them both in strained intensity. His book dropped to the floor. Amazement widened his eyes, and he exclaimed quickly,

"Have you closed that door tightly?"

"My whole reason for remaining in it

went with Katherine's marriage. I am going to mother. She needs me."

He was giving her a keen, professional scrutiny. Hysteria had never been a tendency of hers, and he would sooner have doubted the sun's continued conduct. "You do not realize what you are saying, Judith, or at least how it falls on my ear. You must be sadly overtired. One would think you were repudiating your place in my life and home."

"You let me know early, John, just where I stood in your valuable life."

He contemplated her, examining, incredulous. The serio-comic was grotesquely unlike her. His voice took on the low persuasive humoring of the physician to the patient. "You had better go to bed at once, Judith, and tell Arnott not to disturb you in the morning. A long sleep will set you up."

The study clock struck twelve intervening seconds.

"Will you please understand, John, that I am not hysterical? I have meant to do this—ever since before Katherine came. Now that she is gone," there was a hint of a sob in her voice, "I should go mad if I stayed."

Unusual excitement had always brought a flush to his face, which now whitened to a peculiar gray; to his eyes, grown globular, expressionless, she seemed newly remote in her cold white beauty, and the old esthetic spell reasserted itself. He stared at her, a creature delicately strong and lovely, of small head, sensitive nostrils, long hands and dignity of neck and limb—a high evolution of type that made her the exception in street or drawing-room, one whom young and old turned to look upon, caught by the pathetic human love for the beautiful; and she was his object of *genre*, reflecting the glory of his undoubtedly connoisseurship. A sense of desolation at the loss of her sharpened the edge of his appreciation; then, as he grasped the full, hideous reality of her intent, the monstrosity of her conduct, the ravished conventions, the shock to friends, the smiles of enemies, the world's gloating criticism, horror seized him by the throat, choked him with alarm for himself, a man of

international reputation, above reproach. He gasped at her:

"Do you mean to do a thing to blast my reputation, to make me a morsel for dogs to chew on? By all that's commonly decent, you would not dare!" His voice was husky, suddenly grown old. He rose from the stubborn comfort of his easy chair, disturbed at last into complete attention to her.

She took a weird and hungry pleasure in this momentary gift of his whole interest, studying the phenomenon with narrowing eyes. What a magnificent man he was! How sweet to have won even the fleeting love of this lion of his tribe, primitive in his passions as any lord of the jungle, yet inheriting the culture of generations! Well, she had known some ecstatic days, and she preferred his active hatred to his blind indifference.

"I mean to leave on the morning train."

She spoke dully, a child's repetition of a lesson learned long ago by heart, the while absorbed in her triple vision of him—loving her, indifferent to her, hating her. Then, tired, calloused into apathy by the hopelessness of it all, she turned to leave him.

"Judith!"

She faced again his flashing hostile eyes.

"If you do this mad thing, like the romantic fool that I did not dream you were, so help me God, I'll disgrace you! I'll divorce you in self-defense. Consider what you are facing. No court would sustain you in such unwarrantable conduct. It impugns your very reason."

She stood, a wistful spectator of his rage and hate, wondering if by some subtler art, some woman's faculty omitted in her, the force of his passion might have been turned to sweeter ends. An hysterical desire to step quickly across the chasm rapidly widening between them, to force his love, to possess, enfold him, made her dizzy with its wild absurdity; but holding with a grip taught her by slow years to her sane, reasonable, weary self, she opened the door, turning on him hopeless, unexpectant eyes, and said quietly, "You will, of course, do as you think best about that."



The Most Hated American in China

By Robert H. Murray

Historian of the William H. Taft Tour

HOW A STRONG MAN SET RESOLUTELY OUT TO DEAL EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE TO THE BROOD OF INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS INFESTING THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT AT SHANGHAI

Foreword

By William H. Taft

*A*NOTHER great step has been taken by the government of the United States to improve its relations with China. Many years ago the Chinese empire granted the right to citizens of the United States to reside in so-called concessions within the borders of the Chinese empire, and there enjoy the security of living under the government and administration of law by officers of the United States. This extraterritoriality was chiefly important in securing an administration of justice in accordance with the principles and laws obtaining in the United States to see to it that the by the officers whom it should be of the highest character. I regret to say that years did not receive the ought to have had; but of Secretary Root, under then chief clerk of the State sul-general at Shanghai, Mr. Denby's brother, a Michigan, and of Senator passed a law which prop- and importance of the Chinese treaty upon the States to administer justice in respect of citizens of the United States commorant in China by creation of the United States Circuit Court for China.

Our government was fortunate in the selection as the first judge of that court of a gentleman who had had four years' experience in the Orient as attorney-general of the Philippines, and who went to Shanghai with an intimate knowledge of the method of uniting, in one administration, the principles of the common law of the United States with the traditions and conditions



WILLIAM H. TAFT

of a foreign country. His policy in raising high the standard of admission to the bar and in promoting the vigorous prosecution of American violators of law, which resulted in the elimination from that community of many undesirable characters who had brought disgrace upon the name of Americans in the cities of China, cannot but commend itself to everyone interested in the good name of the United States among the Chinese people and with our brethren of other countries who live in China.

It involves no small amount of courage and a great deal of common sense to deal with evils of this character and to rid the community of them. Interests which have fattened on abuses cannot be readily disturbed without their making a fight for their lives, and one who undertakes the task of cleansing and purifying must expect to meet resistance in libel and slander and in the stirring up of opposition based on misinformation and evil report. I am glad to think that the Circuit Court for China has passed through its trial, and that the satisfaction which its policy has brought to the American and foreign communities in China and to the Chinese people is not unknown to the administration at Washington, at whose instance this court was first established.

I have read Judge Wilfley's opinions in both civil and criminal matters. He has worked hard and well. He has made it plain that some additional legislation by Congress is necessary to lay down a few more general principles of law which are to govern in the extraterritorial jurisdiction of the court in China. I sincerely hope and believe that the establishment of this court will make much for the carrying out of exact justice in the controversies that arise in the business between Chinese and Americans.



We were threading our way westward through the thousands of brown-winged fishing-sampans and the rocky flotsam and jetsam of the Inland Sea—humpbacked islets and upthrust fangs of granite that strew those waters as though a giant had crumbled a world in his fingers and cast the fragments from him in rage. “The most hated American in China, eh?” I offered, agreeable to the comment-inviting glance of the man formerly of Shanghai, who was telling me the story. “Who is that?” demanded another man, joining us in time to catch the question. “Wilfley, damn him!” snapped the man formerly of Shanghai. He spat over the rail, as though to cleanse his mouth of the flavor of the name. That was the way the tale followed the arch of the great circle across the Pacific; in Yokohama, Tokyo, Nagasaki, Kobe, and beyond; in Shanghai itself, Hongkong, and Manila, wherever the spicy current of international gossip, running torrential in that part of the world, paused in eddies and backwaters. The man formerly of Shanghai, I found, was unerring and not without justification in his personal judgments and estimates of Wilfley.

We may trace a connection and learn a why and a wherefore. He was a most likable rogue, the man formerly of Shanghai. His high popularity aboard was attested by his smoking-room chits, vastly more imposing numerically and in total than those of any three other passengers. He was doing a flourishing business in the Straits Settlements—something in the gambling line, to be precise. His had been a lion's share of the spoil of the robbing of Shanghai's gilded youth and gamblesome old age before Wilfley's advent. Hence—

Shanghai is the Paris of the Orient. Of that fame it vociferates its boasts. But our interest—the United States's—in Shanghai's distinction of being the only original, name-blown-in-the-bottle, high old rip-roaring, snorting, whoopity-whoop, wide-open, lidless town of the Far East has now been ceded, without benefit of treaty, to England, France, Germany, and the other nations that enjoy extraterritorial rights in the Chinese empire. Ichabod for us. Our glory has departed. Wilfley, the most hated American in China, did it.

Shanghai suggests the saloon which was situated conveniently near a popular penitentiary. On the wall farthest from the prison the saloon bore a sign reading, “The



THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT AT SHANGHAI

Last Chance." On the wall giving upon the grilled and gloomy windows, signaling cheer to the freed, was another sign, "The First Chance." Shanghai is a first-chance, last-chance town. It sprawls at one of the gateways to the enormous interior of China. All steamships that furrow the face of the ocean in that part of the world breast the bar at Wusung. White men the length and breadth of the East undeviatingly seek Shanghai for relaxation, to rid themselves of the bitter tang of life apart from their kind, to get in touch again, to make up for enforced abstinence from indulgence, to "organize" with crook of elbow and significant "Hows." It is their last chance when going up country, or when sailing away. It is their first chance after weary months, perhaps years, of exile in remote regions where all faces are yellow or brown, or at the end of hot and tedious wallowings through the oily seas of the tropics. More so than in Paris, even, has the great American cocktail established itself in the affections of the foreign male populace of Shanghai. It is violating no confidence here to supplement international drink statistics with the information that the Shanghai Club holds the world's record for cocktails. The daily average per member is reputed to be seventeen!

LAWLESSNESS OF THE AMERICANS IN SHANGHAI

Sundry and divers Americans had been carrying things with a high hand in Shanghai for years before the advent of Wilfley. As aliens residing in China, theoretically they

were subject to the laws administered by the American consular courts. They were living in a condition of extraterritoriality. Broadly speaking, extraterritoriality is a term employed to describe the act by which a state is allowed to extend its jurisdiction into the territory of another state and exercise control over its subjects who, for the time being, are sojourning in that state. So far as phonetics and theory go, this definition is sufficiently comprehensive and efficient. But unregenerate Americans in Shanghai set an original and sweeping interpretation upon the real meaning of extraterritoriality. To these it meant, "When out of the United States, especially in China, do as you blooming please." As consistently as lies in the power of weak mortals to do so, and avoid jail, they lived up to their extraterritorial status as they chose to understand it. Occasionally they were aided and abetted in keeping the bars behind them by United States consuls who had sometime served in various Chinese cities, but had been removed from office for the benefit of their country. The names and crimes of these corrupt consuls are on the State Department's roll of infamy, so it is not necessary to recapitulate them here.

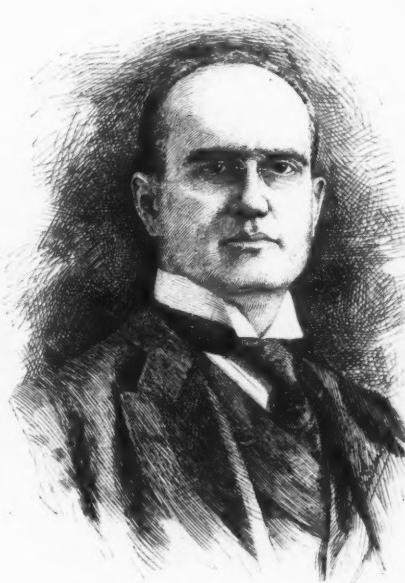
By and large, the preponderant fraction of all the Americans in China were, and are, reputable and self-respecting. What is here set down does not apply to them. All the same, there was a supineness, a pliant acquiescence, on their part in conditions as Wilfley found them, when he embarked on his hatred-acquiring career in China, which

went far to burden them with a share of the responsibility for the things which blotted the 'scutcheon of the United States in the Far East. It was unfortunate that the moral tone of the American colony in Shanghai took its most pronounced shadings, as viewed by an outsider, from the acts of the disreputable minority rather than from those of the virtuous majority. The bad Americans ran the American end of the common interests which our nationals in Shanghai share with the English, German, French, and other extraterritorial residents there. The good Americans let them do it. They were too deeply engrossed with their private affairs, with the errands that had taken them to China, to concern themselves considerably with the task of upholding the honor of the nation's name. Then, too, the bad Americans were "good fellows." They had the entrée of the clubs and of some reputable houses. They dressed well. They were money-makers, and they spent their gains with a degree of celerity and free-handleness proportionate to the ease with which the gold was acquired. Blood is immeasurably thicker than water when one is half the span of the globe from home; and Americans anywhere are never prone to stand-offishness, or to withhold the slap of good-fellowship from the broadclothed shoulder of rascality, providing the rascality is not overly flagrant, or offensively in evidence.

So the good and the bad Americans in Shanghai fraternized, and the bad ones fattened through nefarious practices and were not ostracized, or classed as pariahs. Notably after the American occupation of the Philippines did Shanghai become the roosting-place of American birds of prey. There had

been a lesser influx subsequent to the Boxer Rebellion and the shameful looting of Peking, where American thieves were as greedy and conscienceless as the rest. Manila sheltered a pest of these American renegades, army followers who did sturdy rogues' full share in fleecing impartially white men and brown, and in inspiring the Filipinos with no uncertain notions as to the racial probity of the regenerators who had benevolently hurried thither to save them and their islands. William H. Taft brought his weighty fist down stunningly upon scores of these gentry. He was aided by Wilfley, who for five years prior to 1907 was attorney-general of the Philippines. Edicts of banishment, promulgated according to due legal forms and rites, sent the rascals scurrying from Manila to Shanghai, a city of refuge, prodded at every jump by impending jail sentences. In the lot were several lawyers who later attained positions of eminence at the bar of Shanghai and soared high, fleecing the unwary, inciting litigation, and defending gamblers, swindlers, disreputable women, and scourings of that ilk —until Wilfley came.

It was the crooked American lawyers of Shanghai who did more than anyone or anything else to man the ramparts of the citadel of crime which Wilfley overthrew, and to put heart into the scurvy garrison. The worst phase of the situation, so far as the American name went, was supplied by the presence and the reprehensible activities of the dissolute women of Shanghai. Nine-tenths of the disorderly resorts, "the foreign houses," were run and tenanted by American women, or women who called themselves Americans. They were brazen above the ordinary. They traded on the flag. It was



LEBBEUS R. WILFLEY

Judge of the United States Circuit Court
for China

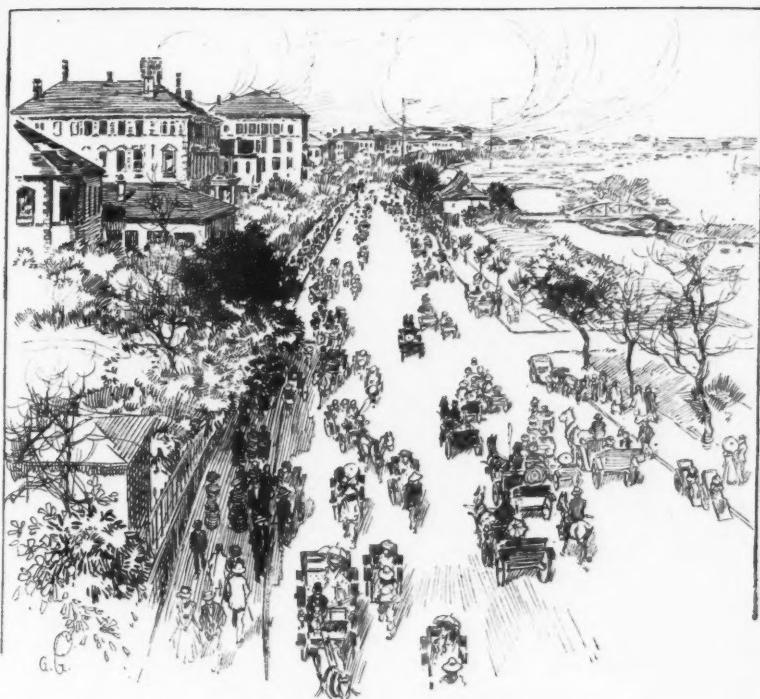
their trade-mark, virtually. It was when they wrapped the Stars and Stripes about them, figuratively speaking, that they put out their strongest and most lucrative plea for patronage. The facts cannot be overstated. I know, and every American in China knows. Throughout the East "American girl" had only one meaning—the worst. To illustrate the significance of the term. I sat with a party of American men in the dining-room of the Astor House in Shanghai. One was a resident of the city, and we others were just from the States. A group of tourists, comprising several handsome young women palpably irreproachable in social position and demeanor, entered. "There are some fine-looking American girls," admiringly commented one of our number. "Don't use that term in connection with a decent woman out here," cautioned the Shanghai man. "We don't. We cannot. 'American girl' isn't a pleasant expression to American ears in the East. We feel so deeply about it that none of us think of referring to our daughters as 'American girls.' Stay here a while, and you'll appreciate how we feel about it." He added a regretful comment that we do not do as the English, who sternly prohibit Englishwomen who are not reputable from taking up their abode in British colonies or extraterritorial establishments. They deem it of extreme importance that the natives are not given an excuse for lightly regarding Englishwomen.

DISGRACEFUL SOCIAL CONDITIONS

The domination of the "American girls" in Shanghai was actual and absolute. They had their fingers in all the concerns of the city. They lived extravagantly prodigal lives on money sucked from the community. In the afternoons, during the fashionable driving hour, they were vital and bedizened figures in the pageant in the Bubbling Well Road, lolling in crest-emblazoned carriages, heralded by runners and drawn by blooded horses with jingling, silver-mounted harness. They were on terms of closest intimacy with Shanghai's men of affairs, foreign as well as native. Each of them kept under perpetual retainer a graceless American lawyer. What they paid the lawyers was protection money. In return the lawyers held them harmless from punishment. The moral atmosphere of the city was rendered turbid by the power and impudence of the securely entrenched "American girls."

They had a society of their own, too, and gave brilliant entertainments. At their afternoon teas, conducted with much pomp and circumstance, it was quite the thing for business men to drop in for a drink and a chat, on their way from their counting-houses to the club, or home to dress for dinner. These harpies specialized at gripping their talons into young men despatched to China as local representatives of American, French, German, and English firms. The absence of restraining and conventional ties, of espionage by business or family superiors, of every influence which at home tends to discourage and frown upon moral sagging, tempts fiercely when one is young, ridden, perhaps, by nostalgia, and sees flagrant examples of loose living supplied by elder and putatively reputable men. Small salaries and lack of ready money did not keep them straight. They did not need a pocketful of cash. Here the chit system, that superlatively necessary evil of the Orient, came into play. In the East, instead of paying cash, one signs a chit, or a memorandum of debt, redeemable at an indefinite date. Little money passes from the palm of the buyer to that of the seller at the moment of purchase. If you live in Shanghai you may sign a chit for almost any article, or for any sum within reasonable limitations. But you must pay or, so far as you are concerned, the chit system crumbles and you are buried in the débris, a discredited man who has not honored his chits. Hundreds of men with bright futures have signed away their prospects, their chances in life, on chits to meet more than a tithe of which on the day of reckoning they had no resources. They have fled the East, disgraced, ruined. In such manner business houses at home suffered through the derelictions of their representatives. It discouraged trade. It struck directly at the tills of counting-houses in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other American cities.

There was an angle of the situation with a more grave bearing upon our national reputation and well-being. The Chinese are honest, to a jot. His word passed, the Chinese will do what he says he will do if the breath of life remains in him and the power to fulfil is within his most remote capability. What shining marks the Chinese offered for the sharks, the schemers, the gamblers, the blacklegs that infested Shanghai! Such gentry had rich picking. They robbed the



THE BUND, SHANGHAI, THE MAIN THOROUGHFARE OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENT

Chinese right and left. Wilfley gave an American a year in jail for taking three thousand dollars from a Chinese for the lease of a house for gambling purposes after the American had specifically been informed that the local authorities would not permit the place to be used for gaming. In the old days, when the mulcted Chinese appealed to the law it was exceptional if he got justice. The sharpers and their lawyers usually were able to convince the consular courts of the unsoundness of the plaints of the Chinese. Not always did this argue that the consuls were corrupt; they might have been, and probably were, fooled. But incidents where consuls laid in with the swindlers and profited by their machinations at the expense of the Chinese have been notorious in China. The result was apparent in a feeling of mistrust and resentment that arose gradually among the Chinese when they pondered upon American methods of business and justice.

All the rogues of both sexes in Shanghai were not Americans; but an excess of a just

percentage were. The East seems to fancy our men and women with discreditable pasts more than it does those that prey beneath the banners of other nations. The "American girls" are better looking and smarter. The men not infrequently are well born and reared, with college educations and *savoir-faire*, accustomed to associating on terms of camaraderie with gentlemen. It is stating neither more nor less than the fact to say that in the beginning of 1907 the American flag in China stood absolutely for shame, dishonor, and ill repute. It was forced to be sponsor for manifold illegitimate traffickings. When the dissolute women of Shanghai gave parties, at the top of their engraved cards of invitation invariably was embossed the American flag. Over the guests as they entered depended canopies of red, white, and blue bunting. The flag was draped upon the outer walls. It formed the center of the scheme of decoration. Americans of probity and influence in the East were alive to the situation and deplored it. They studied and cogitated remedial ways and

The Most Hated American in China

means. The State Department, primarily at fault for its persistent policy of torpid indifference to the degrading of the flag in China, careless as to what was done there by the crooks who panoplied themselves with its folds, bestirred itself. Representative Edwin Denby of Detroit, a son of the former United States minister to China; Charles Denby, another son, now consul-general in Shanghai; Secretary of War Taft, Senator Spooner, Secretary of State Root, and some others, were responsible for the inception of the movement to clean up China. They got through Congress a bill creating the United States Court for China. This was the broom. Wilfley was chosen the sweeper.

LEBBEUS REDMOND WILFLEY

Lebbeus Redmond Wilfley is a hard-shelled Gold Democrat from Mexico, Missouri, forty-two years old, with a near-bald head, a jaw that is as bluff and uncompromising as the bow of a canal-boat, plenty of "beef" and height, a mouth that looks, when it shuts, as if it would have to be pried open with a jimmy, a sanguine temperament, a handful of diplomas, not enough legal lore to unfit him to be a man of action, and a complete and cheerful disregard of other folks' shins when he knows he is right and throws in the high-speed clutch for a whirlwind dash at an Existing Evil. He is something like Folk and Hadley, two other Missourians of parts and accomplishments. When he was attorney-general of the Philippines, Wilfley broke heads right and left. Some of the folks he welted are still rubbing the place where the stave hit, and uttering lamentations. Others are in Bilibid Prison, or with the reek of the jail still hanging about them have taken their stand just outside the fence that marks the limit of the jurisdiction of the United States, where they make faces at Wilfley and yell, "Ya-a-a-a-h!" The American newspapers of Manila have an antipathy for Wilfley—"Leb," as they call him—and waste much space printing anything they think reflects discredit upon him and his work. In the old days in Manila Wilfley had a hand in hustling a few tatterdemalion newspaper men to Bilibid, or in running them out of the country. He is a bull-headed, uncomfortable sort of individual to have cutting your trail if you've been up to mischief. But the germs of social graces are there, and he is mighty pleasant company outside of business hours. With his peculiar constitution Wilfley couldn't help being wrong some of the time,

but he is right oftener than he is *wrong*, so his batting average in that regard is up to league standards. Generally, the man he gets after goes to jail, and in all great reform movements an occasional thwack or so is apt to land on the cranium of an innocent bystander.

WILFLEY STARTS TO "CLEAN UP"

Wilfley was called to Washington. Secretary Root handed him his commission and instructions, definite as to purport, but vague as to details. They were delivered with "the ace running wild," as they say out West when they throw dice. "Clean up China," ordered the secretary. Wilfley packed his commission and one thousand dollars' worth of law books in his trunks and started eastward. After three or four days of spying out the land he saw where to put his peg as a point toward which to work for the first stage of the job. The American bar of Shanghai, he determined, was the keystone which he must dislodge before the arch that upheld the rotten fortalice of graft, chicanery, and immorality would collapse. High standards of professional ethics must be plucked from the mire into which they had been allowed to fall. With a purged bar, the reputable lawyers who might survive the fiery ordeal which Wilfley planned for them would, he was certain, stand with him. The undesirables would be deprived of legal aid and succor. To a degree he was hampered by the failure of the law creating the court to provide a rule governing the admission of lawyers to practice. In the long run this turned out to be a benefit, because it gave Wilfley the chance to lay down the proposition that in the lack of specific provision the right inhered for the judge of the court to prescribe rules. He requisitioned the rule in force in the United States and caused it to be known that all lawyers desiring to plead cases before the United States Court for China would be required to pass an examination and present certificates of character, moral as well as professional, satisfactory to the court.

The test fell upon an evil day for the distinguished representatives of the American bar in Shanghai. Eight lawyers went up for examination. Six of the eight flunked. It would have availed few of the six but slightly had they convinced Wilfley of their mental fitness, for he had the ammunition ready with which to bowl them over on the score of character deficiencies. By this simple method the attenuation of the American bar in

Shanghai to two members was accomplished. One was T. R. Jernigan and the other Sterling Fessenden, a scion of the New England family of Fessendens. It was at this juncture that Wilfley began to be the most hated American in China. Friends of the disbarred attorneys took up their cause and ranted raucously about "high-handed methods," "taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of honest men," "driving old men to the poorhouse," and so on. Wilfley pointed to the records of the outcasts and rested his case there. Political pull, which has saved many a scamp who sinned in China from going to prison, was played as a trump card by the disbarred attorneys in a desperate endeavor to discomfit Wilfley and defeat the purpose of the law creating the court. They combined, formed a pool, and sent one of their number to Washington to batter at the doors of Congress and wail, "Oppression! Injustice!" He did. The sympathetic Senate, which confidently may be depended upon not to side-step any opportunity to obstruct the progress of reform in matters connected with our national welfare in distant lands, passed a bill admitting to practice in the China court any lawyer who could show a certificate of admission to the bar of the federal courts in the United States. The House voted down the measure. Impeachment proceedings with Wilfley as a target also failed.

Ended with prophylactic activities along this line, Wilfley dug the broom into the next dark and unwholesome corner that was obvious. Arthur Bassett, the United States district attorney, laid before Wilfley information charging eight women with being proprietors of the most flourishing and profitable resorts, all "American houses." Warrants were issued, and Marshal Hubert O'Brien served them forthwith without sending word

in advance that he was coming. Shanghai seethed that day. The event was unprecedented. The "ladies" weren't granted even the least of the prerogatives which they had come to look upon as inalienable—of being politely requested to come to court, and fixing their own time to do it in. They were ignominiously and incontinently "pinched." Such an upheaval of the established order of things had never before been heard of in the Paris of the Orient. In informal mass

meetings in the clubs, hotels, and other places of rendezvous Americans who should have known better, and who probably by now have the grace to be heartily ashamed of themselves, denounced Wilfley as puritanical, unpatriotic, bigoted, and as an arrant enemy of the commercial and vested interests of the foreign colony—all with as many qualifying adjectives as they thought the occasion demanded. Low throaty growls on the Wilfley proposition were also heard from English sources. The growlers thought they could discern what would be the consequences to his imperial majesty's representatives in China if, by

polishing up our front steps, Wilfley should continue to pass the work of reform along.

THE ROUT OF VICE

The business of Messrs. Jernigan and Fessenden boomed that day as it never had before. Deprived of their legal props by the disbarring of the crooked lawyers, the eight women besought the two-man law-monopoly of Shanghai to hold a lamp to guide their trembling footsteps. So did various and sundry worthies who misdoubted their ability accurately to decipher the signs of the times and negotiate Wilfley's curves, and who were eager to know what they should do to be saved. Messrs. Jernigan and Fessenden shook up the bottle and administered the same dose to all. "Quit,



ARTHUR BASSETT

The district attorney who prosecuted the criminals taken before Judge Wilfley

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unless you want to go to jail," was their advice. In the vernacular of the race-tracks, it also was the one best bet in Shanghai for the time being. The narrow little street in which is too humbly housed the American consulate-general, where the United States Court holds its sessions, was choked with the carriages, the champing, fretting horses, the rickshaws, and the chairs of the eight women and their friends when their cases were called.

They made a brave show, but the chalky pallor of fear underlay the rouge on the women's faces. The display of costumes and millinery was superb. The spoil of Shanghai's leading jewelers and diamond merchants flashed from ears, throats, and wrists. Chinoboy messengers bearing bulletins of the progress of affairs kept the dust spouting from the paths diverging from the courtroom to the clubs, the hotels, and certain counting-houses and offices. Sikh policemen had to club an alley out of the congestion when the honorable judge appeared. Bail was fixed in each case at four thousand dollars. The extent of the financial resources of the women was shown when, in less than an hour, thirty-two thousand dollars in cash were deposited with the clerk of the court as security. If the women did not have the cash handy they got it—and there are no professional bondsmen or straw-bail merchants in Shanghai, either. The women, save one, pleaded guilty and paid fines of one thousand dollars each. The exception established her right to German citizenship, but, stimulated by the scare, she concluded that the bottom had dropped out of business in Shanghai and went away from there, promising never to return. The release of the seven upon the payment of their fines was conditional upon their covenanting to retire from trade and abandon Shanghai to its fate.

While the town was yet rocking from Wilfley's second jolt, upper-cut number three followed. Bassett ordered every "American girl" inmate to report to him instanter. Direful was the bruit as to what unusual and barbarous treatment Wilfley and Bassett were to mete out to them. They suspected the worst. Even feminine curiosity was not sufficiently potent with these women to move them to linger to see what would

happen. Seventeen of them departed that evening on one steamship; and a dozen on another craft. In two weeks half a hundred women had voluntarily enrolled themselves as former residents of Shanghai. "American houses" in China were things of the past. It was an exodus, a hegira. And they all left hating Wilfley. Now there is not an "American house" in the empire run by an American woman. If there is an American girl in any disorderly house Wilfley and his district attorney do not know it. There have been those who in recent months have won back to the scenes of their dimmed glories by espousing men of other nations. When such cases have come to the attention of the court due notice has been served upon the representatives of the countries under the flags of which the women have crept. "We've hoisted the flag of their adopted country over them, anyway, and that is some satisfaction," commented Wilfley.

Gamblers and swindlers, sharks and sharers, all have scuttled from within the pale of the torch of national decency which Wilfley is keeping snuffed and burning brilliantly in China. Tientsin, to a lesser extent, was another place in the empire where the fair fame of the United States and of the flag suffered through the lawbreakers who utilized it as a talisman to ward off punishment. These evacuated precipitately when they heard what Wilfley was doing in Shanghai. And they, too, left hating Wilfley. Gamblers and swindlers were haled to court as opportunity offered. They found the meshes of the legal net which Wilfley was casting into the deeps of Shanghai's nether world too tiny for them to slip through. Heavy fines and sentences sickened them of the climate of Shanghai. And they also have left hating Wilfley. Stock-gambling, a practice which had its part in the general moral let-down, has been banned. In eight months Wilfley snatched national decency in China from the gutter and set it on a rock. He wrote a new and important chapter of American extra-territorial law. He didn't do it without hurting the feelings of a lot of persons, and I shouldn't be surprised if he committed several mistakes. Like the little boy, he may not have done it very well, but HE DID IT!





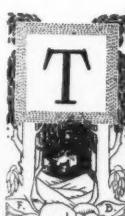
The Rebellion of Peter

By Winifred Scatcherd

Author of "Just Betty"

Illustrated by Irma Dereumeaux

I



THE trouble with you, Peter," said Patricia, gazing dispassionately at her recumbent fiancé, "is that you're lazy—hopelessly lazy."

"Yes," said Peter contentedly, "I am. But, then, you see, my dear Patricia, you have enough superfluous energy stored up to do for half a dozen extra people, and I fancy we'll jog along all right. And, speaking of energy, my dear, where have you been for the last hour, and why those wrinkles on your fair young brow? For sixty long minutes I have waited impatiently for thy coming, O nymph!"

"Waited impatiently! Well, I like that, Peter Allison. You've been sound asleep every minute of the time!"

"Mere imagination, my lily lass," said Mr. Allison airily; "but proceed, my dear explain your furrowed brow, and kindly sit down while doing so—cultivate repose, my dear Patricia."

"Peter, do be serious for a moment and look at me."

"That will I right willingly; you're well worth it," said Peter.

"Don't be silly, Peter," but a tiny smile crept round her lips and up to her eyes, for she was indeed well worth looking at. A slender slip of a girl was Patricia, with a small, oval face and pointed chin—the sort of chin that always gets its own way. A mouth like a scarlet blossom had Patricia, and two dark gray eyes that sometimes looked like twin stars and again like deep pools "stilled at even." Her hair, a wavy mass of palest gold, was held in place by a narrow black ribbon placed there to keep it

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out of her eyes while playing tennis. But the wind loved to play with Patricia's hair, and numerous little curls and tendrils had escaped the snood and clung lovingly to her white forehead.

"Well," said Peter, "I'm waiting for the sad story of your life."

"It isn't my story—it's Eleanor Carroll's. You've heard me speak of her—we were at Farmington together. The Carrolls aren't very well off, and Eleanor does not get many chances for a good time. She has an aunt in Cincinnati—a terrible old woman, but very rich, Eleanor says. But wait, I'll read you her letter.

"My dear Niece——"

"Her dear what?" exclaimed Peter.

"Oh, I forgot to say that this is the aunt's letter to Eleanor.

"My dear Niece: I have taken a house at Newport for the summer. I am sick of being cooped up with nurses and gouty husbands. ("The immoral old woman!" interpolated Peter. "How many husbands has she?") I hear that you are a decent-looking girl, so I write to you to spend the summer with me. Do not worry about clothes. We will stop in New York and get everything you need. But I make one condition to your coming, and that is that you bring a young man in your train. If there is one thing I hate it's two forlorn, manless women. The man must be devoted to you all summer, and he must be good looking and entertaining. You can pretend you are engaged to him and be really engaged or break it at the end of the season, or just as you like. You know lots of presentable young men. It surely will be possible to find one who will be willing to dance attendance on a pretty young girl all summer. He had better have an automobile, as I use mine principally for taking Fifine and Tatters out for airings, and they don't like strangers. If he has his own machine you and he can go out together, which will be quite proper, as you will be, officially, at least, engaged. If you and I get on well, I may take you to Egypt with me in November. Let me know as soon as possible if you have found a man."

"There," said Patricia, "now, what do you think of that?"

"I think she's a d—I beg your pardon, Pat—an exceedingly impudent old woman, and if I were your friend I'd tell her I'd see her further first."

"But, you see, Peter, Eleanor has never

been to Newport, nor had any pretty clothes, and then there's the chance of going abroad. She's dying to accept the invitation, but she doesn't know a single man who would go to Newport for the summer, or of whom she could ask so much. Isn't the aunt an old pig? Eleanor simply can't afford to offend her. She always says I can find a way out of things, so she writes asking my advice; but I'm sure I don't know what can be done in this case.

"Peter," she exclaimed radiantly, after deep thought, "I have it—I've thought of the very thing! I've found a man!"

"No—have you?" said Peter admiringly. "Who is he?"

"You."

"Me!" explosively. "Why, Pat, you're crazy. I'm already engaged to you."

"All the more reason why you are the right man. You see, you can be devoted to Eleanor all summer, and then at the end of the season things would all be just as they were before."

"Would they?" said Peter quietly. "I wonder."

"Of course they would. You see, Peter, you and I are not a bit like ordinary engaged couples. We like each other very much, and as a fiancé you suit me to perfection. You are not always hanging around me and wanting to make love to me. I do so hate kissing and all that nonsense. It's a fortunate thing you don't like it either."

"I do not remember ever having said that I disliked it," murmured Peter.

"But you do, don't you?" said Patricia anxiously. "I never could marry you if you were that sort of a goose, you know. And you'll go to Newport like an angel and give Eleanor the time of her life. She's a dear, and you are sure to like her. Perhaps," with a little giggle, "you'll like her better than you do me. Wouldn't that be a joke?"

"Supposing I did, Pat—what then?"

"Why, I'd be a noble heroine and give you up, I suppose."

"Pat," said Peter, rising from his chair and standing very tall and very earnest beside her, "if such a thing should happen, would you care one little bit, I wonder?"

"Why, of course I would, silly," said Patricia, wriggling away from him, "but don't be such a goose; haven't we been engaged since we were babies? I am simply lending you to Eleanor. She'll understand that you are merely loaned, and she'll play fair."

"And how about me?" said Peter curiously. "Am I supposed to have no opinions in the matter? Suppose I refuse to be loaned, and, by George! I think I will. It's a perfectly absurd, impossible proposition."

"Now, Peter, please don't spoil everything. I'll be yachting all July and August with the Hiltons, and you wouldn't see me in any case. You have simply got to do it. It's giving Eleanor the chance of her life, and you are very mean if you refuse to do me such a little favor."

"Little?" groaned Peter. "Ye gods! Little to dance to the whims of a crazy old woman and make love to a girl I don't know?"

"Only in public, you know. You won't have to make love to her at all when you are by yourselves."

"Pat," said Peter firmly, "if I do this wild thing at all, I do it thoroughly. I shall act the part in private as well as in public. Perhaps by the time we meet in the fall you will find that I have been able to cultivate a liking for love-making."

"Then it's settled," cried Patricia gaily. "Hurrah, hurrah! Peter, you are an angel. I've half a mind to kiss you."

"Try it," said Peter encouragingly. "It will be good practice for me."

"Peter," indignantly, "after all, you know, you are engaged to me, and it will be quite time enough to 'practise,' as you so

vulgarily call it, when you meet Eleanor. No, I will not kiss you. I've changed my mind. Get into your riding things, and we'll ride over to the village and send a telegram to Eleanor before it's time to dress for dinner."

"Pat," said Peter, a few hours later, "let some one else take your place at bridge and come out on the terrace; it's a heavenly night."

"Peter, do you know that you are a very good-looking man?" said Patricia as they slowly paced the moonlit terrace.

"Am I?" said Peter moodily. "Pat, I wish I knew whether or not you really care for me. I tell you I don't like this wild scheme of yours. Here am I in love with and engaged to one girl and booked to make love all summer to another girl. I tell you I don't like it, Pat; I don't want any girl but you, sweetheart," and turning suddenly Peter caught her in his arms and rained quick kisses on her hair, her eyes, her sweet, scarlet mouth.

"Peter," she cried furiously, "don't you ever do that again. I hate it, I tell you. I hate it, and I hate you for doing it. I won't be made love to like that. I'm glad I'm lending you to Eleanor. I've half a mind to give you to her for always."

"I'm sorry," said Peter quietly, "but there are some things that are more than a man can endure, and your maddening, cold sweet-



LEFT ALONE, PATRICIA STOOD FOR A WHILE IN DEEP THOUGHT

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ness is one of them. Good night." And he strode off into the dusky night.

Left alone, Patricia stood for a while in deep thought. "I wonder," she said finally, "I wonder if that is the kind of love-making Peter purposes 'practising' on Eleanor."

II

"LETTERS, letters, letters, for everyone," cried Mrs. Bobbie Hilton, tripping along the snowy deck of the *Sea-Wraith*. "Half a dozen for you, Mr. Jordan; four for Margaret. Far, far too many for me, and, alas! my pretty Pat, none at all for you. What's the matter with all your swains? Never mind, girlie, I'll read all of mine aloud to you."

"You needn't bother, thanks," said Patricia, rising lazily from her deck-chair. "I'm going below to play 'Canfield' with Jack."

"Oh, but listen. Here's something that may interest you in Mary Dayton's letter. She writes from Newport. Let me see. Oh, yes, here is what she says:

"You remember that lazy, good-looking



IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE FOUND HER, A TREMBLING LITTLE FIGURE CROUCHED AGAINST THE ROCKS

Peter Allison? Well, he is here, and he's awake at last and paying desperate attention to the belle of the season, a Miss Carroll. They are together morning, noon, and night, bathing, riding, motoring. The girl is a beauty and the favorite niece of an enormously rich old aunt who does nothing but motor about with two fat poodles and leaves her lovely niece to her own devices."

"There, Pat," said Mrs. Bobbie, "doesn't that interest you? You and Peter have always been on friendly terms, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Patricia slowly. "I think 'friendly' describes the terms we've been on to a nicety."

"Well, we'll have a chance to see how Peter's suit is progressing, for we are going to put in at Newport for all next week. Bob has to go to town on some tiresome old business matters, and he thinks we'd better wait there for him. Mary says it's going to be very gay. She gives a dinner dance on Tuesday, and Peter gives a moonlight picnic on Wednesday, and there are a great many other things. We'll have fun, I imagine."

"Peter," said Patricia to herself, a few moments later, "is certainly living up to his share of the bargain. In fact, I think he is rather overdoing it. Supposing," with a quick, indrawn breath, "that, as he said, he should really grow to care for Eleanor. Of course I would break our engagement at once. It's very fortunate that it has not been announced, but I certainly did not think Eleanor was that sort of girl, and as for Peter, well, if he is that sort of man I am well rid of him. I have not heard a word from him in three weeks, and, even if I did tell him not to bother to write, he might have known that I would at least be interested in knowing how Eleanor was getting on."

It was Tuesday, the night of Mrs. Dayton's dinner dance. The broad verandas and the Italian terrace were dotted with tables set for four. Tinkling fountains, soft music, and moonlight all helped to make an exquisite picture. Mrs. Dayton did things well, and this was to be one of her successes.

"You nice people, I am so glad to see you," she said, bustling forward to meet the *Sea-Wraith* party. "Edith, I am going to put you at

the table with Colonel Wentworth, and, let me see, Margaret, you are with Mrs. Kemp, and, Patricia, I've put you at the table with Peter Allison and Eleanor Carroll, the principals in our summer romance. You know them both, I think. I've put Jack at that table also."

Peter and Eleanor were already seated at the table when Jack and Patricia found their places. So deeply engaged were they in talking it was not until Patricia laid her hand lightly on Eleanor's shoulder that they looked up.

Then, "Pat!" cried Eleanor delightedly, and "Pat!" said Peter softly.

"Aren't we a lovely surprise?" cried Patricia gaily. "Peter, don't look at me as though I were a ghost. I'm very much alive, I assure you." And the gleaming little white satin figure seated itself as demurely as though its heart were not beating a mad and wholly perplexing tattoo against its ribs.

"You goose," said Patricia fiercely to herself, "what do you mean by feeling this way over Peter, whom you have seen every day of your life almost, and whom you know as well as you do yourself? Brace up, flirt with Jack. Do anything, but don't be a fool."

And flirt with Jack she did until that poor fellow was reduced to a state of almost dumb ecstasy. But when she glanced covertly at Peter, to see how he was taking her naughtiness, she met a calmly indifferent eye, for this was a new Peter, a Peter she had never seen before. Gone was all the old and oft-complained-of laziness, and in its place was an eager devotion to Eleanor that made Patricia first flush with quick anger and then pale with sick dismay.

"I am sorry that I am engaged for the cotillion," said Peter, sauntering up to her a little later, "but won't you give me a turn now, or would you rather come out for a stroll?—the moonlight is heavenly."

Was he thinking of their last moonlight meeting, Patricia wondered, as they crossed the brilliantly lighted terrace. But apparently he was not, for he turned presently with some polite, conventional query about their trip.

"Well," said Peter presently, "I'm waiting for your words of praise. Everything has gone perfectly. I am Mrs. Gordon's petted darling, and you can see for yourself how popular and lovely Eleanor is. After all, Pat, you knew just what was best to do, and," with a contented little laugh, "things have gone better than my wildest fancy imagined they would. You are to be congratulated as a diplomatist."

"Yes," answered Patricia, but without any of the enthusiasm to be expected from a successful diplomatist.

"You don't seem wildly enthusiastic," said Peter, with a side glance at her.

"Oh, I am," hastily. "I'm delighted, of course." But if Peter had looked again he would have noticed a forlorn little droop to the dainty white figure at his side.

"Peter," she said, after a few moments' silence, "to-morrow night is your moonlight picnic, isn't it? I think I would like to go out in your motor."

"I'm awfully sorry, Pat, but I have already invited my party, and I don't quite see how I could make any change. You see," apologetically, "if I had had the faintest idea that you were to be here I would have made quite different arrangements."

"It does not make a particle of difference. I simply thought it would be fun to go with you and Eleanor, but Jack will be glad to take me, I know," said Patricia, ready to cry with mortification over having placed herself in a position to be refused.

"Ah, there you are, my children," cried a merry voice. "Mr. Vardon and I have been anxiously looking for our partners for the cotillion, which begins at once, so come along."



PETER, HOLDING HER TIGHT, DID HIS BEST TO COMFORT HER

The Rebellion of Peter

And Miss Carroll laid her hand on Peter's arm in a proprietary way that made Patricia's eyes darken with anger.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" she sobbed, as the *Sea-Wraith* gently rocked in the harbor that night, "what a fool I was to think I could lend you and ever get you back! And I want you, my dearest dear, oh, how I want you!"

III

THE moonlight picnic was a great success. This new and bewildering Peter made a charming host, and if his eyes rarely strayed from one little white-clad figure the moonlight was kind and hid the fact from curious eyes.

"Where's Pat?" asked Mrs. Bobbie toward the end of the evening. "I haven't seen her in some time, and I think it's time we made a move, Peter, before your lovely picnic is spoiled by the thunder-storm which, unless I'm much mistaken, will soon be upon us."

"I'll find her," said Peter, "and you people go on. Don't wait for us; there is no sense in our all getting soaked."

"All right," said Mrs. Bobbie, "only hurry, Peter. I don't want Pat to get wet. She does not seem quite herself since we came to Newport, and you know how deathly afraid she is of thunder and lightning."

It was some time before he found her, and then a flash of lightning showed him a trembling little figure crouched against the rocks.

"Is that you, Pat?" he called.

"Peter, Peter! Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she cried, running toward him with outstretched hands.

Straight into his arms she ran and clung to him with frightened sobs, while Peter, holding her tight, did his best to comfort her, which best was evidently very good indeed, for the sobs gradually ceased, and the little hands loosened their frightened clutch.

"I'm horribly ashamed of myself," she murmured. "I wandered off just a little way and then lost my way, and it suddenly grew dark, and that horrible thunder began. Oh, I was so frightened!" And she hid her face with a long, trembling sob.

"There, there, sweetheart, it's all over,

and I'm going to take you home now. The rest have all gone."

"But Eleanor—where is she? How can you take me home?"

"Gone home with some one else, I suppose," said Peter with supreme indifference. "Come, dear, we must hurry."

"Peter, I can't go until I tell you something. Ever since I came I have seen how things are between you and Eleanor. She is so sweet and so lovely that I don't wonder you grew to love her, and I want to tell you that of course our engagement is at an end."

"On the contrary," said Peter, "it is just beginning; that is, our real engagement. The former affair was a mere farce. Patricia," he continued earnestly, "you nearly made a bad muddle of things, my darling. You tried to play with souls, and it is a plan that seldom works, sweetheart. I was a lazy fool, and I don't wonder that I failed to arouse your love. But I let you order me around too much, Pat, and that was bad for both of us. Then, when I found how easily you could drop me out of your life, I thought it was time to rebel. I knew that in the natural course of events if you had a particle of love for me you would not stand for my attention to Eleanor, if you once saw it."

"Then you don't love her?" said Patricia in a voice in which amazement, fear, and joy mingled. "But, Peter, the other night—"

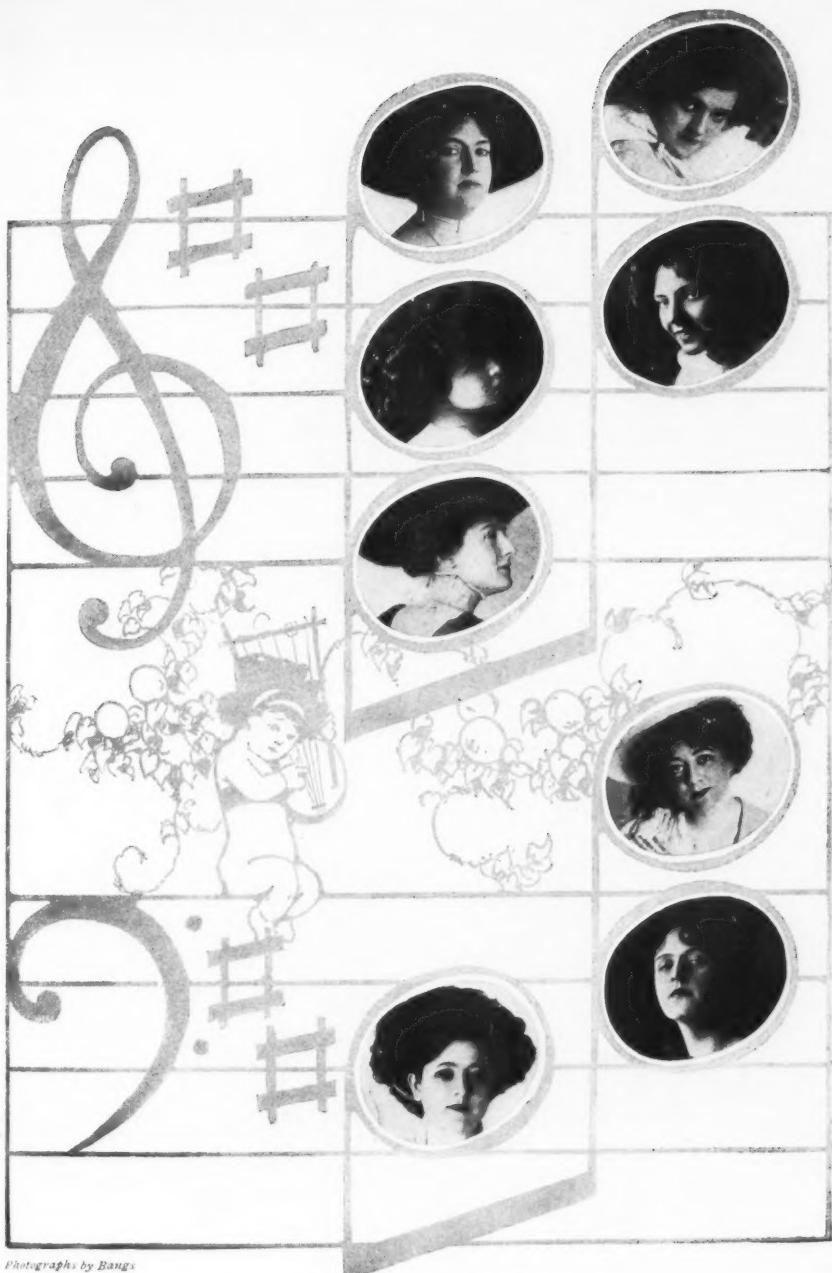
"Yes, dear, I know. It was the hardest piece of acting I ever attempted, making love to Eleanor and all the time dying to get you away from them all and feast my hungry eyes on you."

"I am ashamed to meet Eleanor. Does she know, and do you mean to say she does not love you? She must," in a tone of incredulity.

"She knows all about it—has from the first—and is not one smallest bit in love with me."

"Then," said Patricia, with a sigh of content, creeping back into the arms so ready for her, "I won't have to lend you any longer, will I? And oh, dearest and most dear, I can never be thankful enough for this lesson which has taught me my own heart. So long as I live I shall be grateful for the rebellion of Peter."





Photographs by Bangs

A BEVY OF BEAUTIES FROM THE SEASON'S MUSICAL SHOWS



Photograph by Bangs

NEVA AYMAR AND SCENE FROM "NEARLY A HERO," IN
WHICH SHE APPEARS



MABEL HITE, LEADING COMEDIENNE IN THE CLEVER REVIEW,
"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"



Photograph by Bangs

AMELIA STONE AS MARIE GRANVILLE IN JULIAN EDWARDS NEW
COMIC OPERA, "THE GAY MUSICIAN"



Photograph by Bangs

VIRGINIA MARSHALL, WHO APPEARS AS ESTELLE PUFFENKRANTZ
IN SAM BERNARD'S PRODUCTION OF "NEARLY A HERO"



MARGARET ILLINGTON AS MARIE LOUISE VOYSIN IN BERNSTEIN'S
GREAT PLAY, "THE THIEF"



FRANCES STARR AND SCENE FROM THE TULLY-BELASCO PLAY,
"THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"



MARGARET DALE, LEADING WOMAN, AND SCENE FROM GEORGE ADE'S
COMEDY, "FATHER AND THE BOYS"



Photograph by Bangs

SOPHIE BRANDT AS MARIE DUBOIS, AND SCENE FROM THE COMIC OPERA,
"THE GAY MUSICIAN"



LOUISE DRESSER, WHO PLAYS THE RÔLE OF MILLIE MOSTYN, AND SCENE
FROM "THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER"



RITA STANWOOD AS VIOLA FAIR, AND SCENE FROM RICHARD CARLE'S
MUSICAL COMEDY, "MARY'S LAMB"



KATHERINE EMMETT. LEADING WOMAN OF A BALTIMORE STOCK COMPANY



GRAYCE SCOTT, LEADING WOMAN OF THE HARLEM STOCK COMPANY



RUTH MAYCLIFFE AS VI LANSDOW, AND SCENE FROM
CLYDE FITCH'S COMEDY, "GIRLS"



ADELINE GENÉE, WHO CHARMED NEW YORK WITH HER EXQUISITE
DANCING IN "THE SOUL KISS"



'LOOK AT THE BIG MAN OPPOSITE. HOW HE STARES!'

(*"Passers By"*)

Passers-By

By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS: The fortunes of a street singer, Christine, who is in London accompanied by Ambrose Drake, a hunchback, with a piano and a monkey, are strangely linked with those of an English statesman, the Marquis of Ellingham. Gilbert Hannaway, a young Englishman, who is aware of this without knowing why, recognizes the pair, whom he has met in Paris five years before. He attempts to speak to Christine, but is knocked senseless by Drake.

Hannaway telephones the news of their presence in London to the Marquis of Ellingham, who is much disturbed. The next day Drake calls on the nobleman and warns him to leave London. The hunchback does not want the girl to find him. Hannaway meets Christine on the street. He can get nothing of the mystery from her, and she declines his offer of assistance. He then calls on the marquis, who is preparing to leave England for Italy immediately. They discuss vaguely an affair that took place in Paris five years before, for which, Hannaway says, an innocent man is in prison. He says that perhaps Christine is looking for some one to take the prisoner's place. Hannaway sends word to Christine to be at Victoria Station the following morning at eleven. She goes there against Drake's violent protests. Lord Ellingham goes through to the train, but the girl is too surprised to speak to him. At Hannaway's suggestion she follows the nobleman. He sees her, has her admitted to the carriage as the train starts, and the two are off for Paris.

XI



THREE nights later Gilbert Hannaway sat at dinner in one of the most famous restaurants of Paris. His companion—he had many friends on that side of the channel—touched him on the arm.

"My dear Gilbert," she said, "you ask me to point out to you what I should recognize as the real Parisian type, the absolutely smart woman. Look! I show her to you. There! The girl in the black dress, and the hat with white feathers. Believe me, that is the last thing which Paris can show you. Her shoes, her jewels, her furs, the cut of that long jacket, the little dog she has under her arm, with the gold collar—they are all of the moment, the latest thing. There is your type for you."

Gilbert Hannaway was used to surprises, but this one left him staring, open-eyed and for a moment speechless, at the girl and her escort, who, preceded by a couple of *maitres d'hôtel*, and leaving in their wake a little train of attendants, were passing toward a table in the middle of the room which had evidently been reserved for them. Mar-

velous transformation though it was, Hannaway had not a second's doubt as to the personality of the woman his companion had pointed out. It was the girl whom, three days before, he had seen drawn into the train at Victoria, shabby, bewildered, dressed in the same clothes in which she had tramped the streets singing to the miserable music thumped out by the hunchback. Hannaway drew a little breath. He looked across the restaurant, but he saw a dark alley leading from the Strand, saw the raindrops glittering about the dingy gas-lamps and falling softly upon the soaked pavement. He saw the little group gathered around the piano, with its cracked notes and wheezy chords. He saw the figure of the hunchback bent over his task, the girl, with white still face, singing as though in sullen defiance of the emptiness around her. He saw the monkey sitting on the barrow, with something of the hopelessness of the other two reflected in his own changeless face. Even the sound of the girl's voice seemed to reach him as he sat there. Then it all faded away. He heard her laugh as she turned softly to her companion. Already it seemed to him that the beauty which had lain dormant beneath her white, strained features was subtly reasserting itself. Hannaway called for the bill.

Passers-By

"Let us go," he said to his companion. "We have only five minutes to get to the Capucines."

Christine toyed with her caviar, and tested the temperature of the champagne with the air of one to whom these things were part of the routine of life. She nodded her approval to the anxious waiter, and turned to her companion.

"There are no English people here," she said. "You need not look so worried."

The marquis shrugged his shoulders. "One cannot tell," he answered. "The English are everywhere. There was a young man who has just left. I could not see his face, but his figure was English. I think it is imprudent, this dining in public, for many reasons."

Christine laughed softly. Her voice seemed to have lost its ill-natured ring. "If you had dined," she said, "as I have dined for the last few years, I think that you would not mind a little risk."

"Incidentally," he remarked politely, "the risk is mine, not yours."

"We share it," she answered carelessly. "Come, let us not spoil our dinner by imagining things."

Her companion had not the air of a man to whom the enjoyment of anything was possible just at that moment. He was looking paler and thinner even than when he had left England. There were deep lines about his mouth. His eyes seemed set farther back. He had the uneasy, self-conscious look of the man who is constantly wondering whether he is observed.

"One should cultivate the art of forgetfulness," she remarked. "What delicious truffles!"

"For you," he muttered, "it is easy enough. You are young, and you come from hard times. For me it is different. I think that after to-night I shall hire a chaperon for you, and send you out alone."

"As you will," she answered carelessly, "although," she added, smiling at him, "I prefer the present conditions. Look at the big man opposite, with the little girl in red. How he stares! I think the little girl will soon call him to account. She is pouting already."

The marquis put his hand to his forehead, and found it damp. He pushed his plate away untouched. "I will not do this again," he declared. "I will not show myself in these

places with you, or even alone. Look at the man again, Christine. Does he remind you of no one?"

She shook her head. "He reminds me more than anything," she said, smiling, "of a hippopotamus."

"I seem to see him," the marquis muttered, "with a beard, and in different clothes."

Christine laid her hand upon his arm. "You are nervous to-night," she said. "Drink some wine. It will give you courage. Of course, if you are going to feel like this all the time, we must give up the restaurants. It is very foolish of you, though. There is so little to be feared."

"I have been afraid," he said softly, "all my life of the hundredth chance. It sent me down from college once, gave me my first kick along the road to failure. Then it swung round, killed my relatives like flies, and made me the head of the family. You say that we are safe. We may be, but the hundredth chance bothers me."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You seek misery open-handed," she remarked.

He raised his glass to his lips, and set it down empty. "You are right," he said. "I will be more reasonable. At the same time, I shall leave Paris to-morrow. I loathe the place. It reminds me of everything that I have struggled to forget. You are your own mistress. You shall do as you choose. Remember that every newspaper in England has announced my departure for Bordighera. I was to have stayed here for the night only. To-morrow I shall leave."

"And I?" the girl asked.

"You can do as you choose," he answered. "I cannot take you with me, of course. You know that. You can engage an apartment here, or you can go back to London."

Christine was plainly dissatisfied. She met once more the stare of the bulbous-faced man opposite, and routed him completely. Then she proceeded with her dinner for a few minutes in silence.

"I think," she said at last, "that I should like to go with you."

Lord Ellingham shook his head irritably. "That is precisely what you cannot do," he answered. "I am going to a very small place, where every one is known, and his comings and goings are commented upon in the papers. I could not take you, of course. You must know that. And my appearance with you in public, except on one or two very rare occasions, would be impossible."

"Am I so very *outréée*?" she asked, with upraised eyebrows.

"You are nothing of the sort, and you know it very well," he answered. "At the same time, young ladies of your age and attractions do not travel about the country alone, and when they do they would be impossible companions for a middle-aged and respectable politician such as myself."

"You will have to get me a chaperon," she declared.

"In England," he answered, "that would be possible. Here in Paris one cannot be hired at a moment's notice. You are in too much of a hurry, my dear Christine. Live somewhere quietly for a few months. After all that you have been through, I should think that that alone would be change enough."

She turned and looked at him for a moment thoughtfully. "Have you never considered," she asked, "that I might perhaps be lonely?"

He reflected upon the matter for a moment, as though it were some altogether new idea which had been presented to him. "I have never looked upon you," he said frankly, "as being like other girls. I have no doubt, when one comes to think of it, that you must have found your recent companionship a little trying."

She shuddered. "Don't!" she begged.

"Still," he added, "I cannot perform miracles. There are some ways in which you must work out your own salvation. That will come in time. Confound that fellow opposite! He never takes his eyes off us. See, he's writing a note now. Maître d'hôtel!"

The man, who was passing, stopped with a low bow. The marquis indicated the table opposite with a slight movement of his head.

"That man," he said, "has annoyed us ever since we came in. He does nothing but stare at madame and myself. Who is he? Do you know his name?"

The man shook his head. He was distressed that milord should have been annoyed. The man opposite, he was unknown. He had been seen but once or twice before in the restaurant. He was probably some *bourgeois* person, unused to the presence of people of breeding. Would milord care to change his table?

The marquis shook his head. "It is not worth while," he said. "We have nearly finished dinner. At the same time, I must confess that I am a little curious concerning that person. You do not know his name?"

"Unfortunately no, milord," the man answered.

The marquis meditatively laid a hundred-franc note upon the table before him. He lowered his voice almost to a whisper. "He has sent for the chasseur," he said. "He is handing him a note. If you will let me know, before I leave the restaurant, to whom that note was addressed, this will be yours."

The maître d'hôtel departed with an understanding bow. Christine glanced at her companion with a smile half amused, half scornful.

"Even the shadows terrify you," she said.

The marquis dropped his eye-glass. Once more he had repelled, with glacial contempt, the scrutiny of his neighbor. "I am not so sure," he said, "whether it is a shadow. I seem to remember that man's face with a brown beard, but it was thinner."

Christine laughed softly. "If this is to be our last evening," she said, laying her hand for a moment upon his, "you must not be so foolish. See, they are going now. They will not annoy you any longer."

The man rose. He was a great, coarse-looking creature, with heavy-lidded eyes and close-cut hair—a Frenchman, but of a larger and grosser type than is commonly met with. By his side his companion seemed almost like a doll. She, too, glanced often and enviously at Christine, as she buttoned up her jacket and turned to leave the restaurant. A moment or two later the maître d'hôtel came hurrying up the room. He laid a small folded piece of paper before the marquis.

"The name and address milord desired," he said, with a bow.

The marquis pushed the note across the table, and waited till the man had disappeared. Then he softly unfolded it, and spreading it out on the table before him, adjusted his eye-glass and leaned down. Christine felt the sudden start, which seemed to shake every nerve in his body. She felt the hand on which hers was resting turn cold. When she looked into his face she was alarmed.

"Be careful!" she said. "They are looking at you from the door."

The marquis recovered himself, poured out a glass of wine, and drank it off. "Come," he said, rising a little unsteadily to his feet, "we must go."

"Let me see the name," she whispered. His fingers released the crumpled piece of

paper. It stared up at her, scrawled in thick black-lead characters—

Monsieur Pierre,
7 Place Noire,
Montmartre.

XII

GILBERT HANNAWAY smiled to himself as he leaned over the rail of the steamer and watched the great French light go flashing across the dark, foam-flecked water. He thought of the time he had seen Christine singing for pennies in the rainy street. He turned his head a little to look at her now, at her ease in a deck-chair, covered with expensive furs, a jewel-case on her knees, a little Pomeranian under her arm, her maid busy a few feet away in the little private cabin from which she had just issued. Then his face darkened. After all, she had become more unapproachable. He felt that as she was at present it would need all his courage to venture even to address her.

However, his opportunity came before they were halfway across. His chair was next to hers, and while she apparently dozed her jewel-case slipped from her knees and fell to the deck. She opened her eyes, to see him restoring it to its place.

"Allow me," he said. "It is not injured in the least. It fell upon the rug."

She looked at him steadfastly. There was not an atom of fear in her face. Her eyes met his frankly. She knew that she was recognized, and she accepted the inevitable.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said coolly. "Marie!"

Her maid came out from the cabin. Christine handed her the jewel-case.

"Take care of this," she said. "I find it in my way here."

Then she closed her eyes again, as though to sleep, and it seemed to Hannaway that his opportunity had gone by. But in a moment or two she opened them again. Glancing toward her furtively, he found that she was watching him.

"It was you," she asked calmly, "in Henry's restaurant last night?"

"I was there," he answered.

She nodded. "I saw only your back," she remarked, "but I thought it was you. I trust," she added, with a faint smile, and ignoring altogether their more recent meeting, that you have recovered from your little accident the other night?"

He smiled. "I have recovered," he answered, "but I hope that you do not always travel with such energetic protectors."

She smiled again. "You need have no fear," she said. "I am alone except for my maid, whom I engaged only this morning, and who certainly does not seem strong enough to hurt a person like you. Now, Ambrose," she continued, "is small, but he is very strong and very fierce."

"Is one permitted to hope," he asked, "that an acquaintance with Ambrose is not a necessity to those who wish to become—" He hesitated. Her eyes were fixed steadily upon his. He felt that his speech might savour almost of impertinence. And yet, under the circumstances, there was surely no necessity for him to consider trifles. "—to become your friend?" he finished boldly.

She was silent for a moment. "Ambrose," she said, "belongs to a part of my life which I imagine is over, for the present at any rate. You have perhaps surmised that."

He bowed. "I am glad to hear it," he answered. "I am afraid that my sudden appearance the other night," he went on, "terrified you a little. I was associated, perhaps, with the times which you preferred to forget; but I should like to assure you," he added, leaning toward her, "that my coming was not only the result of my interest in those times, but it was also because I was anxious to see you again."

She turned her head and looked at him steadily. An electric light burned near them, and his face was clearly visible. It was an honest-enough face, fair, with straight features and gray eyes. Hannaway was seldom called handsome, but always nice looking. Women, as a rule, trusted him, and women are generally right.

"I think that I like to hear you say that," she said quietly. "I wish," she added, "that you could forget altogether those other times. Remember that you were not concerned in them. What you know you learned by accident. They have nothing to do with you. Can't you forget that you know anything of them? I wish that you could."

"I think I might," he answered, a little doubtfully.

"You are not sure?" she continued. "Why should you be? You remember our dinner together a few nights ago?"

He nodded. "Yes, I remember," he answered. "I fear that I did not entertain you with such success as your host last night."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It is a different thing," she said. "When you gave me that dinner I was starving. Those days are over. You asked me many questions. You spoke only of the past, and you spoke as one anxious to discover things that it were better for you to know nothing of. When I think of you as that person, I am afraid; I do not wish to know you or to speak to you."

He was thoughtful for a moment. He looked across the channel to where the great light flashed and disappeared, flashed and disappeared. It was odd that the lingering impression which for years he had carried about with him of this girl, a child when he had first seen her, a woman now, should have been such a lasting thing, should be so easily stirred into vivid recollection by this brief contact with her.

"If I forget," he said slowly, "that chance ever brought me near a little group of people about whose doings there were certainly mysterious things—if I forget this—"

Her hand flashed across the arm of his chair. "Forget it," she whispered, "and remember that you have found again the little girl to whom you were once rather kind."

He held the hand for a moment, and smiled into her face. "Very well," he said. "For the present, let it be so. If I relapse again into the curious person, I will give you warning."

"You shall not relapse," she said, smiling at him. "I shall not let you go. I have been lonely for so long, and I think that I have fewer friends even to-day than I had in the days when you first knew me."

"To-night, then," he said, "you have added to their number by one."

It was rather like a dream to him afterward to find himself established as her escort, walking by her side from the steamer, seeing her small luggage through the customs, bringing her coffee to the carriage which a carefully bestowed tip had secured for the three of them. Her maid, who spoke not a word of English, was useless, and evidently viewed Hannaway's coming as heaven-sent. She sat in a corner with closed eyes, after the train had started, and Hannaway and Christine talked together in English.

"You must wonder many things about me," she said softly. "We begin, of course, on the night when you heard me sing in that little alley. Our memories go no farther back."

"Mine," he assured her, "is already a blank."

"I was not playing any part then," she went on. "I can assure you that I was singing for my living, and grateful for the pennies that Chicot picked up. You must have seen how hungry I was when you took me to the restaurant."

"Things," he remarked, "are changed now."

"They are changed," she answered. "I was in search of some one all the time. It was for that we were in England, Ambrose and Chicot and I. I had almost given up hope when I found, not the person I expected to find," she continued, in a rather lower tone, "but some one else. It came to the same thing. It was some one from whom I had a right to demand a release from my hateful life."

"You mean the Marquis of Ellingham, of course," Hannaway said softly.

She nodded. "Yes," she answered. "You saw me with him last night."

"I will tell you something else," he continued. "I saw you at Victoria. I saw you recognize him. I saw you drawn into the carriage and spirited away."

She looked at him with parted lips, a little pale at the recollection of that wonderful moment. "You were there?" she whispered. "To me it was a great shock. I saw him come, and all the platform seemed spinning round. My heart almost stopped beating. I saw no one but him. You do not understand that it was wonderful."

"No, I do not understand altogether," he said. "Never mind, I ask no questions. It is he, of course, who has altered things for you."

"It is he," she answered. "I have an income. I have a letter to his solicitors. They are to find me a house. I am going to have the things I have longed for all the time I have tramped those muddy streets in torn clothes and thick, patched boots."

"It is a great change," he murmured.

"It is a great change," she assented. "There is only one thing which I fear. I shall have no friends. I am afraid of being lonely."

He nodded. He felt that silence was best. He could ask no questions concerning Lord Ellingham which might not offend her.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said. "Life without friends is very much like a dinner without salt. But it will not be for long," he added, looking at her.

"I am not sure," she answered.

"You are sure of one, at any rate," he declared.

She looked at him steadily. There were many things in her face which he could not understand. There was a sort of fear, and there was a sort of wistfulness. There was also an almost passionate intensity. What was it she was begging him, he wondered. What was it she feared from his friendship, or hoped for?

"I hope that you mean it," she said. "Oh, I do hope that you mean it! Only, I have known so few men, and they have not been the sort that make good friends."

"At any rate," he said quietly, "when friendship becomes impossible I will tell you so."

She seemed puzzled. She even repeated his words to herself. Then a possible meaning of them seemed to occur to her. She looked away with a little uneasy gesture, slightly, charmingly confused. Was she really still so much of a child, he wondered, or was she a supreme actress?

"We will not think of any evil days," she said. "Remember that to be my friend will be no sinecure. There will be so many things that I shall want to know, so much advice, so much help, that I shall need."

"I am an idle man," he answered. "I shall be always at your service."

"Then begin, please," she said, looking out of the window to where the great semi-circle of lights showed that they were approaching London, "begin, please, by telling me a hotel to which I can go with Marie here—something very good, but very quiet, where people will not look at me because I am alone."

He wrote the name and address and gave it to her. "You had better mention my sister's name, Lady Hartington," he said. "She always stays there. You see, I have written her name upon this little slip of paper."

The train glided up to the platform. She seemed unaccountably nervous.

"You will not leave me," she begged, "until our baggage has passed through the customs? I am not used to traveling alone. I think that I am a little nervous."

"I had no idea of leaving you," he assured her. "We will put your small things in a cab, and then go back to find your trunks. It will be a matter of only a few minutes."

Her eyes swept the platform immediately they descended. She walked close to Hannaway's side as they moved about. When at last they drove off she waved her hand out of

the window of the cab, and smiled at him delightfully.

"*Au revoir!*" she murmured. "To-morrow, remember!"

Hannaway followed her a few minutes later, in a hansom, on his way to his rooms. The people in the streets seemed all unreal. Never a romantic person, he was suddenly conscious of a vein of something which assuredly had little to do with the practical side of life.

"It is that cursed Heine," he muttered to himself. "But she is wonderful!"

XIII

THEY were sitting side by side in a hansom, Gilbert Hannaway and Christine, making their way with some difficulty along one of the crowded side streets close to Piccadilly. They had lunched together, and she was dropping him at his club on the way to her dressmaker's. Suddenly he felt her fingers grasp his arm. She shrank back into the farther corner of the cab.

"Sit as you are," she said quickly. "Don't look. It is Ambrose. He must not see me."

Despite her entreaty, his eyes wandered up the narrow turning, guided thereto by the jingle of the cracked piano. It was indeed Ambrose who sat there playing, Chicot with him, but no one else. There were no listeners, nor was there sign of any. Ambrose played with bent head, looking neither to the left nor to the right. Chicot looked everywhere, waving his little hat in his hand, but there was no one to whom to offer it.

"Did he see us, do you think?" she gasped, when the cab was safely by.

"I should imagine not," he answered. "He seemed to be looking down at his instrument all the time."

She drew a little breath of relief. His face, however, remained grave.

"Your late partner," he remarked, "seems to have fallen upon evil times. He looks half starved."

She shrugged her shoulders. "He earns enough for himself," she answered. "He eats nothing. He only smokes."

"I suppose," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "it doesn't occur to you to send him money? He was your partner once, wasn't he?"

"If he knew where it was from," she answered carelessly, "he would not take it. He can look after himself quite well."

Hannaway was suddenly serious. It was not the first time that he had noticed in her this marvelous selfishness, which seemed to take no account whatever of the feelings or sufferings of others.

"He looks older," he remarked. "I suspect he misses you."

"Yes," she answered. "He would miss me very much, I am sure of that."

"Have you written him at all," Hannaway asked, "since you disappeared?"

She shook her head. "What would be the use? It would only unsettle him. He would not approve of what I have done, and whatever he said would make no difference. Tell me, do you think he saw me?"

Hannaway shook his head. "No," he answered. "I was watching him all the time. He did not even look up. I don't think you need be afraid."

She was unconscious of the slight note of sarcasm which quivered underneath his words. She was apparently too much wrapped up in her own thoughts and fears. The cab pulled up suddenly at the door of his club.

"Don't go in," she said pleadingly. "Drive home with me. I will give you some tea presently. I don't want to go to my dressmaker. I am tired of clothes."

He shook his head, treating her words lightly. "What a heresy!" he declared. "I am sorry, but, although you may not believe it, I really have some business to attend to this afternoon. You are dining with me to-morrow evening, you know."

She hesitated. "I am not sure that I can," she said slowly.

He looked at her quickly. It was the first time she had hesitated to accept an invitation from him.

"To-morrow night," she said, "I believe that I am engaged."

He waited for a moment, believing rightly that she would tell him more.

"I think that I am dining with Lord Ellingham," she said. "He comes home to-night from abroad."

Hannaway lifted his hat gravely. "I had forgotten," he said. "Good-by! I shall see you again soon, of course. Where shall I tell the cabman?"

"Sixteen Hanover Street," she answered, without looking at him.

Hannaway watched the cab drive off, but he did not at once enter his club. Instead, he turned slowly round, and went back along the way by which they had driven. Soon he came

to the corner where Ambrose had been playing. He was still there, still alone. He had closed the piano, as though in the act of moving off. Hannaway slowly approached him.

"You see," he remarked, "my skull was too thick to crack."

Ambrose looked at him quickly. His face darkened, his eyes narrowed with anger. "I am sorry," he answered. "I wish that you had never moved again from the place where you fell."

Hannaway laughed softly. "What have I done?" he asked.

Ambrose's fingers suddenly caught his arm. "It was you," he asked, "who sent her that note? Tell me the truth. It was you who sent her to Victoria Station that morning?"

"What of it?" Hannaway answered. "You must remember that I am not altogether a stranger. It was not difficult for me to guess whom you were seeking, when I saw you in London. How could I tell that I was not doing you both a good turn?"

"If my curses can repay you for it," Ambrose said, "you have them, never fear, morning and night."

"She went, then?" Hannaway asked.

"She went," Ambrose answered, "and I have not seen her since. Tell me," he begged suddenly, with another change of voice. "Perhaps you have seen her. Perhaps you know where she is. Tell me," he persisted, "do you know?"

"If I did," Hannaway answered, "why should I tell you? What do you want with her?"

"What do I want with her?" the dwarf repeated, looking away. "My God! What do I want with her? Yes, I suppose that is how it must seem to you. I want to see her. If she is happy, I want to see that she is happy. If she is well cared for, I want to see her well cared for."

"What you really want, I suppose," Hannaway remarked, a little brutally, "is to share in her good fortune, if she has found it."

If a look could have killed him, Hannaway would have been struck dead on the spot. The eyes which shone beneath those bushy eyebrows were red with fire. Ambrose took up the handles of his barrow, and turned away without a word. Hannaway felt not altogether satisfied with himself.

"Listen," he said. "I didn't mean to say anything offensive. It certainly was a wretched life for her, tramping the streets with

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you. You can't be sorry if she has found something better."

"Has she found anything better?" Ambrose demanded. "Tell me. Tell me where she is. If I believed you knew," he muttered, "I would drag the words out of your throat."

Hannaway shook his head. "If she had wished you to know," he said, "she could have found you out, I suppose."

Ambrose shook his head sadly. "She was always," he said, "a little thoughtless about others. She was only young, and she was not used to such hardships as we had to face. And yet I did my best for her. She never really knew what it was to be hungry. I managed that somehow. I did my best. She had the little things she liked, whenever I could get them for her. Chicot and I starved often, but we were strong, we could bear it."

"Tell me," Hannaway asked, "how do things go with you now?"

"Worse," Ambrose answered slowly. "People would not want to hear even a Liszt try to drag melodies from a thing like this," touching the instrument contemptuously. "They hurry on. It is only because of Chicot that they sometimes throw us a penny. And Chicot," he added, passing his arm a little anxiously around the animal's neck, "has not been very well lately. It is the climate. It is cold and damp for him here."

"Why not go back where you came from?" Hannaway asked. "Listen! I will pay your fare back as far as the south of France, if you like."

Ambrose turned his head slowly. He looked into Hannaway's face. "Has she sent you?" he asked. "Does she know that we are still here? Is she in London?"

"She did not send me," Hannaway answered. "I make you the offer because I have money, and because both you and Chicot look out of place here. Take it if you will. You are welcome."

Ambrose shook his head. "I dare say," he said, "that you mean to be kind, but we cannot leave London. Somehow I believe that she is here. Some day she will send for us, or try to find us. She will remember that she has been a little unkind. If we were not here she would be disappointed."

Hannaway was silent for a moment. He understood what it was that had brought him back. He understood the pathos which lay underneath the poor, miserable existence of this half-starved creature. When he spoke again, his tone was different.

"Tell me where I can find you," he said. "Perhaps I may come across her. If so, I could let you know."

"Not unless she wishes it," Ambrose answered. "Remember that. We will not go near her unless she wishes it."

"I will remember," Hannaway answered.

"We are in the same rooms as when she went away," Ambrose continued. "I did not like to leave, for fear that she might come back there. Number 17 Pickett Street, over Waterloo Bridge."

Hannaway nodded. "I shall remember," he said. "You will at least let me give Chicot something for his supper?"

He dropped a sovereign into the hat which Chicot, seeing the hand traveling toward his pocket, promptly handed to him. Ambrose said nothing. He was busy fastening the straps of his barrow upon his shoulders. As Hannaway turned the corner of the street, he saw the weary little procession start on its way along the gutter.

XIV

THE Right Honorable the Marquis of Ellingham returned to England, as the daily papers were all happy to state, immensely improved in health. His nerves were certainly in a sounder condition, for they stood the test of various little shocks on his homeward journey without once failing him.

The first occasion was at the hotel in Paris where he and the marchioness, who had come out to join him, and their somewhat numerous suite spent the night. They had dined at the embassy the previous evening, and to-night had themselves entertained a brilliant little party at the Hotel Ritz. Lord Ellingham had just said farewell to the last of his guests, and was standing on the pavement outside the hotel, looking across the Place Vendome. Suddenly he felt a touch upon his arm. A large man with a red face and thick neck, and wearing a fur-lined overcoat, was standing by his side. Again Lord Ellingham permitted his fancy to invest that smooth-shaven face with a long brown beard.

"May I be permitted a few minutes' conversation with you, Lord Ellingham?" the man said, in a low tone.

The marquis looked at him blandly, holding his cigarette in his hand. "I do not understand," he answered. "I do not speak French," he added, lying promptly and without hesitation.

The man was puzzled. He continued, speaking rapidly, and still in a half whisper. "We are not mistaken," he said. "I myself saw you at Henry's some months ago. Since then we have made sure. It is not wise to avoid us. Let me assure you, my Lord Ellingham, that it would be very unwise indeed."

The marquis, with a turn of his head, summoned the burly commissionnaire, who had been watching the little scene suspiciously. "I think," he said, "that you had better send this person away. I do not understand what he wants, but I fancy that he is rather a bad lot."

Lord Ellingham turned away and strolled inside the hotel. The man would have followed him, but the commissionnaire's hand lay heavily upon his shoulder. There was a brief explanation between the two, during which the commissionnaire said several things which were very much to the point. Then the man walked away.

"My dear," the marquis remarked to his wife, as he bade her good night, a few minutes later, "if it would not interfere with your plans very much, I should like to leave for England to-morrow. I have had very pressing despatches."

The marchioness made a little wry face, for, of course, she loved Paris. Incidentally, however, she was also quite attached to her husband.

"If you could make it the four o'clock train," she suggested.

"The four o'clock train it shall be," he answered, raising her hand to his lips.

They reached the Gare du Nord the next day with very little time to spare. One of the secretaries from the embassy, who was Lord Ellingham's nephew, came to see them off. Several of the officials from the railway, too, were on the platform, so that the marquis, as he passed up to his place, was the center of a little group. His friend of the fur-lined overcoat, attended by a smaller man who had a dark, wizened face, was walking up and down the platform. The two turned and followed the little procession. Obviously they were doing their best to attract the attention of the marquis. He surveyed them through his eyeglass with bland unconsciousness, however, and, bidding farewell to his friends some few minutes before the train was due to leave, took his place in the reserved compartment, with his back to the window, talking earnestly to his nephew, who had accompanied him. The

two men stood a few feet away upon the platform. Once Lord Ellingham heard a soft tapping on the window-pane, but he did not turn his head. He only glanced out of the window as the train was finally leaving the platform. The tall man was still standing there, with his hands thrust deep into his overcoat pockets. His companion, however, had disappeared.

It was a fine crossing, and Lord Ellingham walked alone upon the upper deck. About halfway across, he recognized the smaller of the two men who had been at the station. The latter, choosing his opportunity, accosted him.

"Lord Ellingham, I believe," he said in English.

The marquis looked down upon him a little impatiently. "What do you want?" he asked curtly.

"I want a few words with your lordship concerning one Philip Champion," the little man said. "Your lordship may perhaps remember the name."

Lord Ellingham shook his head and passed on. "I never heard it in my life," he said. "You will excuse me."

"It will be better for you to talk to me," the little man began. "Evasions will not answer for very long."

The marquis threw away the match with which he had just lit a cigarette. He stared hard at the person who had accosted him. "I am afraid," he said, "that you cannot be well. I simply do not know what you are talking about, and I do not choose to converse with strangers."

He walked away, and descended the steps to the lower deck, where he joined his wife in her private cabin. His nerves were certainly very much better! He sat and chatted with her until they reached the harbor, and himself escorted her to the reserved carriage which was attached to the train. At Charing Cross, the brougham was waiting almost opposite the spot where their carriage stopped. From the window, as they drove out, Lord Ellingham caught a glimpse of the little man hurrying along the platform. He leaned back in the carriage and smiled. The marchioness suppressed a yawn.

"You are in great spirits, Francis," she said.

He smiled. "I am feeling better," he said. "A little more fight in me."

"The change has certainly done wonders for you," she remarked. "You look quite

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fresh. I feel a perfect rag myself. It was such a hateful journey."

The marquis smiled. "It is a dull journey," he admitted. "Sufferers, as a rule, from lack of incident, doesn't it? Well, we are back again, and London looks about the same."

"You are glad to be back, of course," she remarked.

"It is always a little interesting," he answered, "to take up the threads."

The marquis sat up late that night, going through letters with his secretary. When they had nearly reached the end Penton produced three envelopes from his coat pocket.

"Your lordship," he remarked, "was particular to give me instructions to open everything, even letters that were marked strictly private. Here are three communications with which I have been unable to do anything, and which I imagine must have been sent to your lordship in error."

He spread them out upon the table. There were three sheets of foreign notepaper, addressed to the Marquis of Ellingham in type-written characters. Their contents were the same. There was a single sentence, which occupied only a small space in the middle of the sheet of paper—

Philip Champion is requested to communicate with his friends.

The marquis took the sheets, read the sentence over slowly, and knitted his brows a little, as one confronted with a problem. His nerves were certainly stronger, for neither did he change color nor did the fingers which held the thin sheets of foreign notepaper tremble.

"What the devil is this, Penton?" he asked.

"I have no idea, sir," the young man answered. "There are the letters, just as they arrived, addressed to you and marked private. And look here."

He turned to the reading-table and picked up the *Daily Mail* and the *St. James' Gazette*. He pointed to the agony column of each. The same announcement appeared—

Philip Champion is requested to communicate with his friends.

"Is it an advertisement, do you suppose?" the marquis asked.

"If so," the secretary answered, "the explanation would have to come separately, for there is none yet that I can see."

"No new patent food or medicine?" the marquis suggested.

The secretary shook his head. "I have

never heard the name of Philip Champion before," he answered, "nor have I seen it connected with any commodity of that sort."

The marquis replaced the letters in the envelopes. "Keep them," he said carelessly. "Some explanation may come to us later on. We have done enough for to-night, I think, Penton. You may go."

The young man took his leave. The marquis sat alone in his easy chair, watching the dying fire. Outside, he could hear the steady footsteps of the policeman pacing the stone flags. The roar of the city had died away. It was the one hour of quietness which comes, even to London, before the dawn. He looked into the fire, and thought steadily of what might lie before him. He wasted no time in regrets. He had done once and forever with all nervous fears. He had made up his mind as to his course. It was to be war to the end, war to the hilt of the knife. If he went down, he would go down fighting. He had a great name, the honor of a great family, to guard. Something of the spirit of his fighting forefathers stirred in his blood, as he sat there through the silent hours and planned the days to come.

XV

CHRISTINE was in one of her worst tempers. Gilbert Hannaway had not been near her since they had parted the afternoon before, and Lord Ellingham was already nearly half an hour late. She sat in her easy chair, her opera-cloak about her shoulders, her gloves ready buttoned, and the minutes seemed to pass like hours. At last she heard the elevator stop, and the ring of her front door-bell. A moment later the parlormaid admitted Lord Ellingham.

"A gentleman to see you, madame," she announced.

Christine rose to her feet. The marquis came in with a little gesture of apology.

"I am so sorry," he said, "but you must have a little consideration for an unfortunate servant of his country who has had too long a holiday. I simply could not get away."

She nodded. "Why did you not give your name to the servant?" she asked.

He took her hands, raised one of them for a moment to his lips, and then turned away with a little laugh. "My dear child," he said, "you will find that this city is like a great nursery, where people can whisper one to the other all the time. To the world, you are

Miss Christine de Lanson, and I am the Marquis of Ellingham. The particular reasons which brought me to dine tête-à-tête with you would not be a profitable subject for conjecture."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why should I care?" she said, a little hardly. "I have no friends. There is no one whose opinion is anything to me."

"That we may some day be able to remedy," the marquis said. "In the meantime, where are we to dine?"

"Wherever you like to take me," she answered.

Lord Ellingham hesitated. "You have a restaurant attached to the apartments, have you not?" he asked.

She nodded. "I have dined there," she said, "for the last two months, a great many times too often. You will have to take me somewhere else to-night."

He looked grave for a moment, but he made no objections. Her maid came in to adjust her cloak, and they went down in the elevator together.

"If you do not mind," Lord Ellingham said, "I shall take you to one of the smaller restaurants. Until we have decided what is really best to be done with you it is not wise that we should be seen together too much."

"Anywhere you please," she answered.

He looked at her curiously as they glided along the streets in his electric brougham. It was not until they were seated at dinner, however, that he spoke to her seriously.

"Well," he said, "you have some of the things, at any rate, which you craved. You have a home, you have *carte blanche* at your dressmaker's, you have jewelry, a carriage, a motor-brougham. These, I believe, were the things on which you laid most stress. I see that you are no longer thin, that there is nothing now to conceal the fact that you are a remarkably handsome young woman. Tell me, how does it feel? Are you satisfied?"

"No," she answered.

He nodded. "This," he remarked, "is interesting. I think that if I had not turned to politics I should have tried to write a novel. There is much in the study of human beings which interests me. You have all that you asked for, and you have them in sharp contrast with the life which you were living when I found you."

"Excuse me," she interrupted. "When I found you."

"I am corrected," he admitted, "but the

facts remain the same. But tell me what there is still lacking."

"I am lonely," she answered. "I want friends. Nobody knows who I am. Nobody cares. My servants do their duty; I am their mistress, nothing else. They serve me at the shops; I am a customer, nothing else. The beggars to whom I throw money thank me; I am a source of income, nothing else."

"You want friends," he repeated thoughtfully.

"I do," she answered. "I have one," she went on. "I dare say that you would call him a dangerous one. Do you remember an Englishman—"

"Gilbert Hannaway?" he interrupted quickly.

She nodded. "Our meeting," she remarked, "was scarcely encouraging. Months ago, before I had found you, he saw us and spoke to us in a little court off the Strand, where I had been singing. I did not want to have anything to do with him. You can guess why. And Ambrose, when he persisted in following us, struck him. We left him lying in the court, and escaped. Afterward I met him in the street. We talked together. I came to the conclusion that he knew less than I had feared. He was on the boat when I crossed from Paris. Since then he has been to see me often."

"He came to see me once," the marquis said thoughtfully. "I suspected him then. I had an idea that he was one of those busybodies who go about the world imagining themselves heaven-sent solvers of mysteries. I thought that he had learned a little and was trying to discover everything."

"I don't think so," she answered. "He never talks about the past to me."

"Then it is possible that you may find him a useful friend," the marquis said, "for I want to warn you that they are thick upon the trail, upon my trail, at any rate. They came to me in Paris, they tried to speak to me upon the steamer, they have written me private letters, they have advertised in the papers. You can see it in the agony column of the *Mail* any day—'Philip Champion is requested to communicate with his friends.'"

"And what," she asked, "is Philip Champion going to do?"

"Philip Champion is dead," the marquis answered. "The Marquis of Ellingham knows nothing of him. I am not the nervous creature I was a few months ago. If these men press me hard I am going to fight. But

I wanted to warn you. If they have not found you out already, it can only be a question of hours. You will have to choose with whom you take sides, and choose quickly. If you side with me, you will have dangers to confront, as I shall. If you side with them, I imagine that it will shorten the struggle."

She counted rapidly upon her fingers. "There are only three left," she said, "three only to be feared, and the worst of these is Anatoile Devache."

"He is in London, I believe," the marquis said.

She looked at him with sudden horror in her face. "And yet you go about and you do not seem afraid!" she said.

"I am not afraid," he answered. "Look at my hand," he continued, raising his glass to his lips. "It does not shake. I go about my daily life without a thought of fear. I tell myself always that Philip Champion is dead. He died in prison, I believe; but as for that, it does not matter. He is dead, and the Marquis of Ellingham has nothing whatever to do with any one of his friends."

"Don't you think it would be better," she asked, "to make terms?"

"No!" he replied. "Think of the men! What would satisfy them? What would they ask for a life? I am not a rich man. My estates are already mortgaged to raise large sums of money. I should practically embarrass them for generations. Even then I should not win my way free. I will not do it. If I am found some night with a dagger in my heart, at least I shall have died saying that I am not Philip Champion, that I never knew him."

She shivered. "These are terrible enemies to have," she whispered.

He nodded. "That is why," he said, "I would not have you declare yourself upon my side. You, at any rate, had better temporize with them. Let them make what use of you they can."

"It is Anatoile that I fear," she muttered. "I wish you had not told me that he is in England."

Their relative positions had become reversed. In Paris he had been nervous and afraid, while she had been bold. Now he was calm and collected, and she was afraid.

"Nothing will happen to you," he said reassuringly. "Only you must be prepared. It will certainly not be long before they find you out."

She looked around a little nervously, and he smiled.

"One can understand," he said, "meeting Anatoile in the strangest corners of the world, but I can assure you that, many-sided though he is, he would never dare to penetrate into this little restaurant. He is somewhere down in Soho at the present moment, I suspect, dining and trying to satisfy his tremendous thirst. Come, we have finished with that subject. The thing which is upon my mind is exactly what further I can do for you."

A rare moment of tenderness came over Christine. Her fingers stole under the table and pressed his. She looked at him with softened expression.

"You have courage," she said. "It doesn't matter about me just now. I suppose I shall get on somehow. You do not mind my knowing Mr. Hannaway?"

"Not in the least," the marquis answered. "Only I think that I must write Philipson's about providing a chaperon for you. I must either do that or you must make up your mind to live always as a Bohemian."

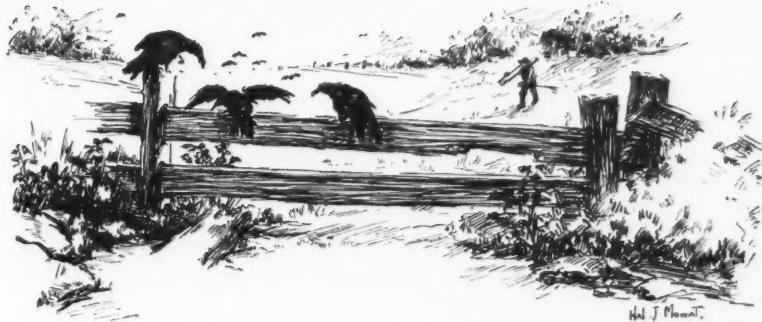
"I hate restraint," she answered, "but I should love to have some friends. Life is so cold, and one becomes so selfish when one is altogether alone. Sometimes I am afraid. If it were not for the novelty of being rich I should be miserable."

They left the restaurant a few minutes later.

"I must take you straight home," Lord Ellingham said, as he handed her into the brougham. "I have two receptions to attend to-night. Perhaps you will give me some tea to-morrow afternoon, and we will talk seriously."

"I should like to," she answered.

He left her at the door of the house where she lived. She ascended in the elevator, and let herself in with the latch-key. The room was in darkness, and from the moment she entered she had a curious feeling that something had happened. She sprang to the lights and turned them on with trembling fingers. Then she opened her lips to cry out, but she was suddenly dumb, dumb with horror. She staggered back against the wall, and felt with her fingers for the electric bell. When at last she found it, and heard its shrill summons go echoing outside, she was able to close her eyes.



H. J. Mowat.

A Pygmalion of the Cornfield

By W. Bert Foster

Illustrated by H. J. Mowat

There were three crows sat on a tree—
Billy Magee Magaw!
There were three crows sat on a tree—
Billy Magee Magaw!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be—
And they all flapped their wings and cried:
“Caw! caw! caw!”
Billy Magee Magaw!



EARER thirty than three of what Si called “them pesky critters” rose heavily from the cornfield, where the tender green shoots had little more than appeared above the brown soil, and on lazy wing sought the covert of the hickory wood to the southward. They had already been attentive to the long rows of corn-hills, early as was the hour; but Forde’s strident voice, raised in the above refrain, as he came clumping across field in borrowed boots, had been too much for the nerves of *Corvus americanus*, bold as he is.

“And to such mean use doth art attain!” cried Forde, dropping the load of materials he had brought from the barn, and beginning the manufacture of his “scare” by driving a stake into the soft earth near the center of the field. “And, by Jove! maybe Si’s right. I can’t seem to ‘sculp’ statuary to the taste of the exhibition committee; I’ll try my hand at a scarecrow that shall bring me fame!”

As he worked on the ridiculous figure his discriminating eye wandered over the vista of farm lands and distant wood. For years he had not been up at daybreak—at least, not fresh from a soul-satisfying sleep.

Hanging above the brook were sheets of mist which, later, the sun would dissipate as one might puff out the flame of a candle. The highroad wound, a dull gray ribbon, to the southward, unmarked at this hour by hoof or wheel. There had been a sharp shower overnight which had stamped the roadway with its odd pattern, and the drops still twinkled on the corn-blades and on the grass through which Forde had waded in Si’s high boots.

Forde wired on the cross-arm of the scarecrow’s frame, and seriously constructed the figure of a man as nearly perfect as the circumstances—and the materials at hand—allowed. He set it with its back to the road and tucked every scrap of hay out of sight. It really looked, when he had finished, like a man with a flapping-brimmed hat drawn well down over his ears, leaning on his hoe in the middle of the cornfield.

“By Jove!” said Forde, with a laugh, “it isn’t often, I reckon, that a member of the Society builds a scarecrow. When he does, it must be a proper one,” and after viewing the figure from every vantage-point, and putting the last touches to his work, he tramped away to breakfast.

Whether or no his “scare” really proved

A Pygmalion of the Cornfield

lifelike from the crow point of view, the birds seemed to fight shy of the field until the corn was grown high enough to be out of danger, and Forde's host chuckled over it a good bit. One of his neighbors had stood for ten minutes, shouting himself hoarse from the roadway, trying to attract the scarecrow's attention under the impression that it was Si hoeing, and that amused the farmer, too.

Forde's early-morning visit to the cornfield provoked other early risings. Why be slothful when the opening bud of day proved so fragrant and satisfying? The city man grew into the habit of getting up with the barnyard lark, and wandering far afield before breakfast.

And the corn grew apace, clashing its spears in every rippling wind and, when the wind was still, rising straightly all about the uncouth figure in its midst until it was half hidden from the highway, but seemed more natural in its pose than ever. Forde laughed when his latest "group" was mentioned by the family at the farmhouse; yet he was not a little proud of his handiwork.

One morning he rose before the fingers of dawn had scarce made their first impression upon the eastern horizon. The whole valley was of a gray-and-silver cast, with billowy stretches of mist over the lowlands as though the fleecy clouds which the sunset had gilded so daintily last evening were fallen to the earth during the night, and hung there—over the brook and the marshes—man-high, waiting for the first rays of the morning to call them up to the skies again.

Out of these mist-billows started, unexpectedly, clumps of trees of variegated greens according to their kind, and now and again glimpses of the long road were visible to Forde in his window. No soul else seemed astir, and the artist drank in the scene with delight.

Suddenly, coming to his ear flatly on the

dank air, was the distant baying of a hound. Far to the southward the cry rang eerily, seeming to startle the dawn's silence and set all nature ashiver with the chill of its mournful note.

Something started out of the mist down the road—beyond the bridge which spanned the broad brook, it was—and crossing the highway, disappeared as suddenly in the blanket of fog which night had tucked so carefully about the still-flowing stream. And again, long-drawn on the wind, came the cry of the hound.

"Was that a man?" whispered Forde, still staring.

In a moment he turned from the window and dressed. Even Si was not yet up, and he left the house without disturbing the family. As he struck into the deserted road the baying of the hound was nearer.

The road doubled, as country roads will. Forde spent three-quarters of an hour in reaching the bridge. Meanwhile the dawn, seeing her sun-lover approaching, blushed vividly, and all the mist-banks were in motion. The drops stood upon fence-rail and tree-branch, their weight bending down the nodding roadside flowers and weeds.

His own footsteps echoed hollowly in Forde's ears as he hastened on. Momently the air about him cleared, and the songsters of wood and field began a throat-splitting chorus, as though to drown with their melody the deep, sullen baying of the eager hound. Having reached the bridge, he stared up the road and saw, poised on a distant ridge, a group of horsemen. The fog was still too dense for him to make out the dog which

led them eagerly in the chase.

Thickly over the brown brook hung the mist-cloud; but here and there patches of the green corn appeared, the leaves whispering together as though they told tales of what had happened in the night.



THE FIGURE OF A MAN AS NEARLY PERFECT AS THE MATERIALS AT HAND ALLOWED



TWO OF THEM BEGAN POKING ABOUT THE STILL STREAM
WITH POLES

Looking back, Forde saw the farmhouse rise, ghostlike, out of the fog. Between his station and the house stood the scarecrow figure, its humped shoulders to the road, leaning naturally upon its hoe-handle.

But his attention was recalled to the other direction. The beat of fast-approaching hoofs was now audible. The hound's cry, bell-like in the clearing air, startled Forde, it was so near. Almost at once the mist which rolled waist-high above the roadway was agitated, and out of it darted the long, sleek body of the creature in full cry.

Forde observed its blunt head, slobbering jaws, and exposed fangs with a shiver of fear. One glance the beast gave him from its red-rimmed eyes, and then dashed across

the road, through the ditch, under the fence, and down the bank to the brookside. There it came to a sudden snuffing halt, and then ran up and down the bank whining eagerly for the scent it had lost.

Its masters were quickly at hand—three men in the blue uniform of prison guards, who flung themselves out of the saddle, and left their horses to breathe and browse along the roadside at will, while they ran down to the stream after the dog and searched likewise for traces of their quarry. While two of them began poking about the still stream with poles, the dog whining eagerly at their heels, the third man climbed to the road and appeared at Forde's elbow.

"I don't suppose you seen him, neigh-

A Pygmalion of the Cornfield

bor?" he said. "He made a get-away some time during the night, and we only discovered it towards mornin'. Like enough he had friends outside. Mebbe they were waiting for him here, and took him up. There's wheel-marks yonder."

"Who was he?" asked Forde, wondering if he *had* seen the fugitive.

"A long-term man—fifteen years in front of him. And mebbe he wasn't no more guilty than others who benefited by the scheme. But the law *got* him. That's the usual way of it. Hi, boys! what ye got?"

He turned suddenly to his mates below. They came slowly up the bank, one man carrying some drenched garments, the other leading the hound in leash.

"Found 'em sunk with a stone on top," explained the man with the garments. "He stripped off everything, ye see. Must ha' had friends right here with clo'es for him to put on. Ugh! kind of a chilly mornin' for a man to strip right out in the open."

"Well, he's made a get-away all right," grunted the officer in charge. "No use pushing the dog further. Wagon-wheels don't leave scent."

They mounted slowly and, leading the disappointed hound, trotted away in the thinning mist. Forde heard the long-drawn blast of the breakfast-horn and, mindful more of a ravenous appetite than of the wetting he would suffer, vaulted the fence and pushed through the corn-rows toward the house.

The sun had risen now, burning up the

mist rapidly. The breeze increased, and the earth sparkled and smiled under its caresses. It was a beautiful morning, and a beautiful world!

Fifteen years—fifteen years behind grim stone walls and iron bars, away from such a world as this! What crime deserved such a punishment?

And with the thought in his mind he halted. The figure of the scarecrow loomed through the vanishing mist just before him, and he fixed his startled gaze upon the bowed shoulders and flapping hat-brim. By and by he drew nearer; but first he cast a searching glance to all four points of the compass; there was nobody in sight.

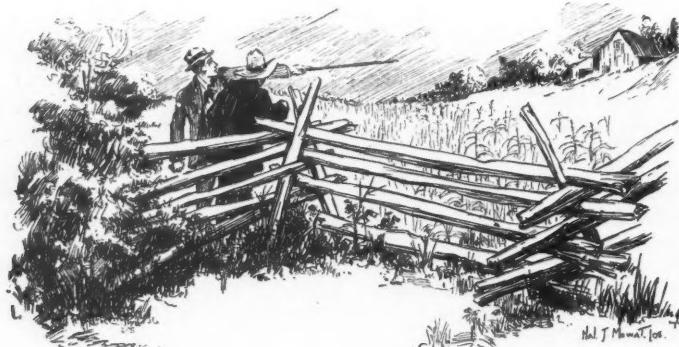
Forde stepped swiftly forward and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the figure. Such a young, terror-drawn, hopeless face was raised to his—a face in which tear-dimmed eyes glared wildly, white lips trembled with pleadings that would not come—and all broken and working with strong emotion.

"They've gone," Forde whispered. "Have you money? No? Here is my purse. Creep through the corn and go out on that side before the mist completely rises. There's another road beyond; they'll never think of your having gone that way. Quick!"

At the breakfast-table Forde remarked casually, "Well, I see my scarecrow has fallen down."

"Don't matter naow," said Si. "It's answered its pupuss. Corn's too big for the crows to bother."

"Yes, it's answered its purpose," repeated Forde.



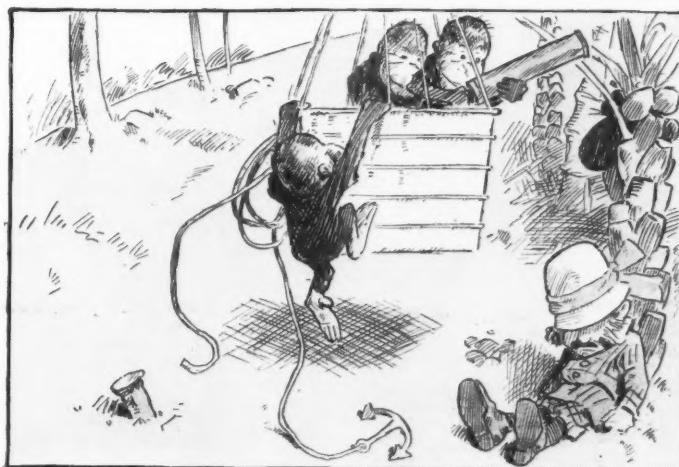
Sing Ho!

Illustrations by T. S. Sullivant



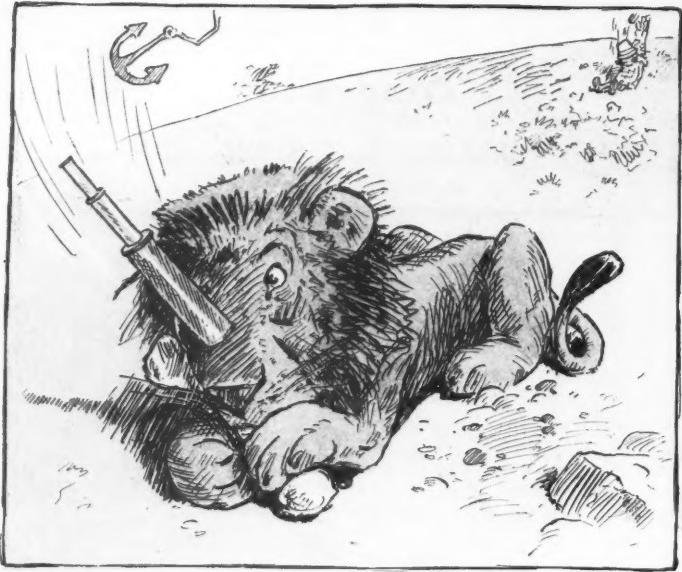
I

Sing ho for the sleepy balloonist!
Sing ho for the idle balloon!



II

Sing ho for the frolicsome monkeys
Who wanted to sail to the moon!



III

Sing ho for the innocent lion!
And ho for the bump that he got!



IV

Sing ho for the sleek lady tiger
Whose feelings were rudely upset!



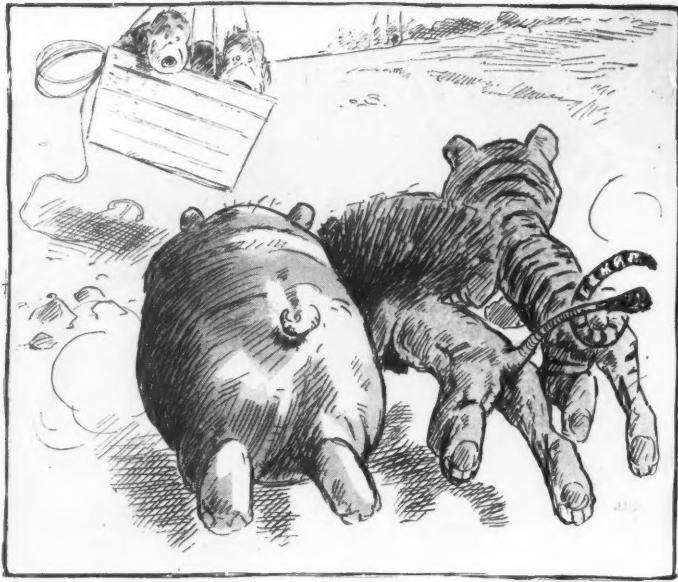
V

Sing ho for the fat hippo—
Mus, taking his daily bath!



VI

Sing ho for their nervous prostration!
Sing ho for their terrible wrath!



VII

But alas and slack and alfalfa,
And a-sorrow and a-grief and a-woe.



VIII

The hippo, the lion and tiger
Sang Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

The Feminine "Charm" of Paris

THE BEAUTY THAT IS FOUND ON THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH STAGE SCARCELY EXISTS IN PARIS. HOW THE FRENCH ACTRESS HAS TO WORK HARD FOR THE CHARM SHE ACQUIRES

By Alan Dale



IN the theaters of New York and London you find luxuriant feminine beauty and no charm. In the theaters of Paris you find luxuriant feminine charm and no beauty. If London, New York, and Paris could combine these pleasing characteristics the result would be marvelous and dazzling. But this will never be. The theatrical ladies of New York and London will remain unintelligently lovely and those of Paris intelligently homely, the three cities being perfectly satisfied with these conditions, which—if you think it out carefully—are fair enough and eminently satisfactory. New York and London admit the strange grace and peculiar charm of the Parisian actress; Paris generously and unreluctantly gives to New York and London theatrical femininity due credit for artistic, natural beauty.

Being nothing but a poor critic-man who wants to find something nice wherever he may be (and he is in Paris at this writing), your humble servant is going to consider the pictorial qualities of the French actress as he has seen her in the round of theaters, music-halls, gardens, and entertainments that he has just concluded. (He is also not going to "third-person" himself any more, or his reputation for egotism, won at the price of much personal modesty and diffidence, will be lost.)

My first impressions, every time I visit Paris, are invariably flattering to the New York I have left. Where are all the pretty faces that made bad shows tolerable? Where are all the lovely "stars" for whose sweet sake I have endured second-rate acting by third-rate companies? Where is the magnificent display of sumptuous gowns on which you can positively read the price—even if the ticket

has been removed? Where, in a word, are the women who look so well on postal cards, cigarette-pictures, "Sunday pages," and the highways and byways of a sensuous city? Where is the prodigality of it all? Where, let me ask, is its recklessness?

Not in Paris. Certainly not in Paris.

For instance, I am advised to go to the Variétés to see Lavallière in "Le Roi." She is a sort of rage in Paris. You are bound to see Lavallière. Well, I saw her, like a dutiful tourist. She is so homely that I can scarcely bear to look at her with New York eyes. She is swarthy, heavy-featured, and most unalluring. It is not until one gets one's Paris sense thoroughly fixed, in its right place, that Lavallière appears in all her charm, magnetism, and sway. The American who refuses to get into the Paris perspective, and there are many who do refuse, will continue to see in the Lavallières of the French metropolis women who are "homely as hedge fences." At the "review" theaters, where in New York we expect to be stunned by physical beauty, the same thing exists. There is little Mealy at the Marigny; there is Morly at the Alcazar; and there are a dozen other Parisian favorites that, at first sight, the beauty-fed New Yorker can scarcely endure.

The beauty which in New York and London is as common as are wild flowers along a country road scarcely exists in Paris. The French actress works, and works hard, for the irresistible charm that she finally acquires. In New York the managerial connoisseur of feminine beauty selects a lovely face and a lissome figure. The head is exquisitely hatted, the figure is sumptuously and always expensively gowned, and—there's your beauty. She may be something of a stick in a dramatic sense, but the managerial connoisseur surrounds her acceptably, taking care not to accentuate her lack of dramatic appeal; she is much photographed and considerably maga-

The Feminine "Charm" of Paris

zined, and there she is, until you get sick of her or somebody even prettier crops up. She is always dethroned by the newer one. In London she is a good deal more of a stick, for she has no vivacity at all and absolutely nothing but a pictorial face (not even a figure!), but there she lasts longer and is permitted to wear herself out—to say nothing of wearing out her audiences.

Here in Paris she starts in to acquire charm. What is charm? It is something that you cannot see. It is something that an actress in repose never possesses. It is something that the photographer cannot catch. It is something that eludes the pen of the artist, and is but fleetingly guessed at by the caricaturist. Sometimes it lurks in a shrug or an unsuspected, graceful gesture; it is to be found in the method of addressing the audience; it exists in an unconventional way of wearing conventional clothes; it may hide itself in facial expression—in a smile, a pout, a frown, a laugh. I have seen it in a toss of the head, a sudden movement of the arms, even in the manipulation of draperies or a swish of the dress.

You are never quite sure what it is. You can cover a woman with diamonds, with New York recklessness, without adding one jot to the charm that you find in Paris. You can hat her with the expensive plumage of a dozen poor denuded ostriches, and the result, in the way of charm, will be absolutely nil. It is most elusive, but it is the only thing that goes in Paris. They do not appreciate American and English ideas of beauty. They look upon a perfect face, supplemented with glinting lovely hair, as though it were something unalive—a delightful product in which the pulses of being do not stir.

Really beautiful women rarely acquire this charm. You see, they are so busy keeping beautiful, and many of the qualities of this charm are directly opposed to perfect beauty. The nose that is powdered may not be saucy; the face that is enameled must be careful not to crack its veneer; the woman who is massaged and marceled into the awful rigor of physical attraction is far too occupied to worry herself about a charm that calls for very different methods. English beauty, which is undeniable, and American beauty, which is even better, for it is livelier and more alluring, are seldom admired in Paris, because the charm that the Parisians must have is lacking.

A woman who is out-and-out homely, with irredeemably imperfect features and qualities

that we dismiss with a contemptuous shrug, acquires charm and succeeds—in Paris. Look at Polaire at the Mathurins here. If Polaire had lived in New York she would probably have bewailed her fate. She would have said: "I have dramatic talent. I know it. I feel it. But I cannot get an engagement because I happen to have been born ugly." Our homely women go into vaudeville or are slumped into "character parts." Polaire has been clever enough to acquire a peculiar charm that militates against her homeliness. I cannot describe it. It is elusive. You see this really unbeautiful woman before you, and you accept her because she knows what she is doing and does it so well. Polaire—she is not a new story—built up an impregnable vogue for herself, instead of sinking into the ranks of the unappreciated.

Feminine charm is more durable than feminine beauty. It is the stock in trade of the French actress. She makes the most of herself. The beauties of New York and London rely upon that which nature has done for them. They thank nature because they have been born beautiful. The Parisian actress says: "Hang nature! I'll do something for myself." It is difficult. It implies a certain knowledge of human nature. I have seen French actresses who couldn't get on a pictorial post-card if they were pushed there who have made me squeal with amusement at their irresistible comedy and held me absorbed by their sympathetic drama.

I don't say that in the matter of pure dramatic perception they are any better than our own actresses. I don't think they are. We are not napping by any means where intelligent actresses are concerned. I am simply mentioning charm in opposition to, or, if you prefer it, as a substitute for, physical beauty. Nor do I belittle the God-given heritage of physical beauty. Such an idiot I couldn't be. Being in Paris, I am admiring the indescribable charm that makes the French actress so individual and so convincing, even if she be as ugly as—er—(I caught myself in time. I was just going to be personal.)

We have successful beauties who, as actresses, wouldn't last a week in the French metropolis. On the other hand, the French metropolis has a galaxy of physically unrepresentable ladies who wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance in our beauty-fastidious metropolis. I shall not attempt to umpire the matter. You may do that for yourselves. The feminine beauty that makes the New York theaters

so pleasing and so inspiring is oddly lacking here; the feminine "manner" that is innately Parisian, or seems so, is strangely absent in New York. New York combined with Paris does not exist. If it did!

The artist who rushes around the French theaters looking for beauties, according to our splendid ideas, has a hard time of it. He grows desperate. His pencil is after all but a pencil that has to translate to paper just what it sees. In London he is overjoyed, for there the collection of scintillantly lovely dowdies is unlimited. Nor has he any difficulty in New York, where feminine beauty is alive with appeal. Of Paris he says: "They are all so ugly. They may know how to wear their clothes, but I can't help that."

Clothes, on the French stage, are lavish, but unnoticeable. That is another feature of this weird thing that, for want of a better word, I have called "charm." The very latest "creations" of the Rue de la Paix are worn by the actresses at such theaters as the Vaudeville, the Nouveautés, the Variétés, and you do not *realize* them. They are worn as easily, as carelessly, and as inconspicuously as "every-day clothes." They are not presented like fireworks to dazzle the eye and evoke an astonished, "Ah!" These clothes—elegant, graceful, artistic—merely dawn upon you. You notice the actress long before you are aware of her dress. Somebody told me that Lavallière in "Le Roi" wore a gown that American women would go crazy over. I do not know what it was. I cannot recall it. I dimly remember something in rose-pink that tickled my eye. More I cannot say. Lavallière was very much at her ease, capering upon chairs, ensconcing herself on sofas, pirouetting around. She displayed no particular gown that appealed to me, and yet, I was told that she wore a marvel!

Very frequently in London, and in New York, I have seen a sweet thing get a round of applause for a particularly fetching dress in which she appeared. How do I know that it was all for the dress? Well, the dress happened in the second act, and the audience had been told in

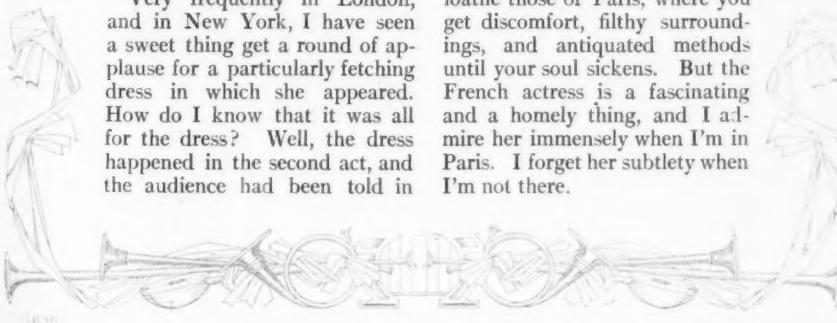
the first! I have heard audiences of polite men and women "receive" new gowns with the interventional cries of delight usually lavished upon rockets and catharine-wheels.

But never in Paris. Somehow or other you get the impression that French actresses are not very particular about their clothes. They do not shimmer in, and frou-frou out, as though they had been paid by some enterprising dressmaker to advertise her goods. I have, in the *COSMOPOLITAN*, had my little say on the subject of the tyranny of clothes. That tyranny may exist in Paris, and probably does, but it is not in evidence. You see the actress and then the dress—never the dress and then the actress. No French critic would be guilty of the frivolity of reviewing clothes. Alas! how frequently have I been driven to this frivolity—by the absence of any other topic worth attacking. Clothes are, after all, just artistic barbarism. We forget that.

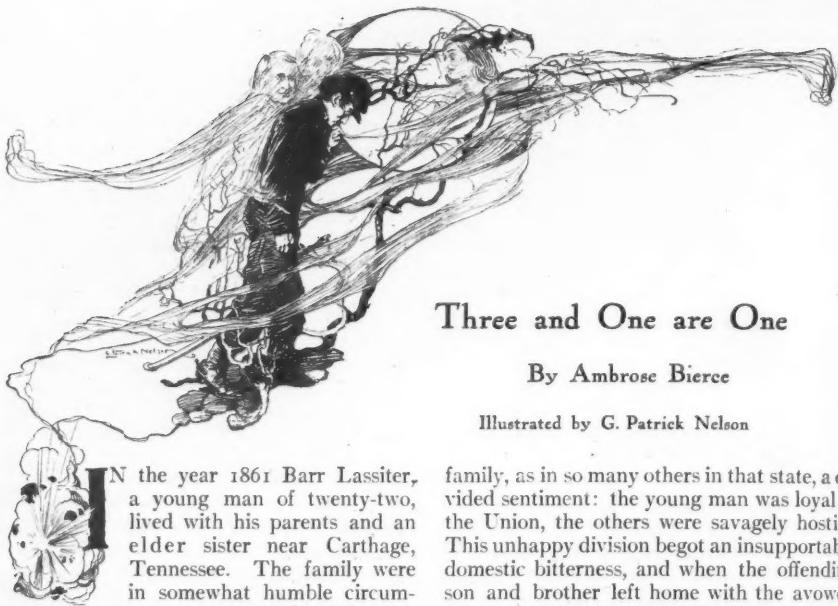
Perhaps as good a word as "charm" to use in connection with homely French actresses is "fascination." They fascinate. You are held by their graces of manner and their little subtleties. They are so unobvious. They are so unexpected and so unsuspected. Their object is to atone for their lack of physical beauty. Sometimes they seem beautiful even when you know that they are not. They are quaint, and they invariably improve upon acquaintance.

In France no woman is considered homely unless she is stupid. Nor is she considered beautiful unless she possesses charm. I have tried to avoid the use of the word "chic," but at the close of these few remarks you'll allow me to ring it in, I am sure. The French actress is, above all, *chic*.

Them's my sentiments. They are free from all bias or nationalism. There are no theaters on earth that I loathe visiting as I loathe those of Paris, where you get discomfort, filthy surroundings, and antiquated methods until your soul sickens. But the French actress is a fascinating and a homely thing, and I admire her immensely when I'm in Paris. I forget her subtlety when I'm not there.



Little Tales



Three and One are One

By Ambrose Bierce

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

IN the year 1861 Barr Lassiter, a young man of twenty-two, lived with his parents and an elder sister near Carthage, Tennessee. The family were in somewhat humble circumstances, subsisting by the cultivation of a small and not very fertile plantation. Owning no slaves, they were not rated among the "best people" of their neighborhood, but they were honest persons of good education, fairly well mannered, and as respectable as a family could be if uncredentialed by personal dominion over the sons and daughters of Ham. The elder Lassiter had something of that austerity of manner that so frequently affirms an uncompromising devotion to duty and conceals a warm and affectionate disposition. He was of the iron of which martyrs are made, but in the heart of the matrix had lurked a nobler metal, fusible at a milder heat, yet never coloring nor softening the harsh exterior of the casting. By both heredity and environment something of the man's inflexible character had been imparted to the other members of his family; the Lassiter home, though not devoid of domestic affection, was a veritable citadel of duty, and duty—ah, duty is as cruel as death!

When the war came it found in the Lassiter

family, as in so many others in that state, a divided sentiment: the young man was loyal to the Union, the others were savagely hostile. This unhappy division begot an insupportable domestic bitterness, and when the offending son and brother left home with the avowed purpose of joining the Federal army not a hand was laid in his, not a word of farewell was spoken, not a good wish followed him out into the world whither he went to meet, with such spirit as he might, whatever fate awaited him.

Making his way to Nashville, already occupied by the army of General Buell, he enlisted in the first organization that he found, a Kentucky regiment of cavalry, and in due time passed through all the stages of military evolution from raw recruit to experienced trooper. A right good trooper he was, too, although in his oral narrative from which this tale is made there was no mention of that; the fact was learned from his surviving comrades. For Barr Lassiter long ago answered "Here!" to the sergeant whose name is Death.

Two years after he had joined it, his regiment passed through the region whence he had come. The country thereabout had suffered severely from the ravages of war, having been occupied alternately and simultaneously by the belligerent forces, and a

sanguinary struggle had occurred in the immediate vicinity of the Lassiter homestead. But of this the young trooper, serving far away, knew nothing.

Finding himself in camp near his home, he felt an irrepressible longing to see his parents and sister, hoping that in them, as in him, the unnatural animosities of the period had been softened by time and separation. Obtaining leave of absence, he set out afoot in the late summer afternoon, and soon after the rising of the full moon was walking up the gravel path leading to the dwelling in which he had been born.

Soldiers in war age rapidly, and in youth two years are a long time. Barr Lassiter felt himself an old man and had almost expected to find the place a ruin and a desolation. Nothing, apparently, was changed, and at the sight of each dear and familiar object he was profoundly affected. His heart beat audibly, his emotion nearly suffocated him; a strangled ache was in his throat. Unconsciously he quickened his pace until he almost ran, his long shadow appearing to be making grotesque efforts to keep its place beside him.

The house was unlighted, the door open. As he approached and paused to recover control of himself his father came out and stood bareheaded in the moonlight.

"Father!" cried the young man, springing forward with outstretched hand. "Father!"

The elder man looked him sternly in the face, stood a moment motionless, and without a word withdrew into the house. Bitterly disappointed, humiliated, inexpressibly hurt, and altogether unnerved, the soldier dropped upon a rustic seat in deep dejection, supporting his head with his trembling hand. But he would not have it so: he was too good a soldier to accept repulse as defeat. He rose and entered the house, passing directly to the sitting-room.

It was dimly lighted by an uncurtained window. On a low stool by the hearthside sat his mother, staring into a fireplace strewn

with blackened embers and cold ashes. He spoke to her, tenderly, interrogatively, and with hesitation, but she neither answered, nor moved, nor seemed in any way surprised. True, there had been time for her husband to apprise her of their guilty son's return. He moved nearer and was about to lay his hand upon her arm when his sister entered from an adjoining room, looked him full in the face, passed him without a sign of recognition, and left the room by a door that was partly behind him. He had turned his head to watch her, but when she was gone his eyes again sought his mother. She too had left the place.

Barr Lassiter strode to the door by which he had entered. The moonlight on the lawn was tremulous, as if the sward were a rippling sea. The trees and their black shadows shook as in a breeze. The gravel walk, blended with its borders, seemed unsteady and insecure to step on. This hardy and courageous soldier knew the optical illusions produced by tears. He felt them on his cheek and saw them sparkle on the breast of his trooper's jacket. He left the house and made his way back to camp.

The next day, with no very definite intention, with no dominant feeling that he could



HIS SISTER PASSED HIM WITHOUT A SIGN OF RECOGNITION AND LEFT THE ROOM

The Means and the End

rightly have named, he again sought the spot. Within a quarter-mile of it he met Bushrod Albro, a former playfellow and schoolmate, who greeted him warmly.

"I am going to visit my home," said the soldier.

The other looked at him rather sharply, but said nothing.

"I know," continued Lassiter, "that my folks have not changed, but——"

"There have been changes," Albro interrupted; "everything changes. I'll go with you if you don't mind. We can talk as we go."

But Albro did not talk.

Instead of a house they found only fire-blackened foundations of stone, enclosing an area of compact ashes pitted by rains.

Lassiter's astonishment was extreme.

"I could not find the right way to tell you," said Albro. "In the fight a year ago your house was burned by a Federal shell."

"And my family—where are they?"

"In heaven, I trust. They were all killed by the shell."



The Means and the End

By H. M. Stevens

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

ABOUT the Bentleys was an air of gloom and depression that was out of keeping with the beauty of the day and the charm of the surroundings. The cause of the despondency seemed to be an innocent enough looking little blue document. Perhaps it was a bit vivid as to color and a trifle over-perfumed, but it was the contents that had dropped a leaden weight upon the spirits of the usually light-hearted Mrs. Tom and the six feet of indolence in the hammock known as Mrs. Tom's husband.

"She hears this is an unusually attractive place in which to spend the summer. They think of building and would like so much to be near us, and hearing we have some extra acres we would like to dispose of, has written to inquire about them," quoted Mrs. Tom from the bit of blue paper.

"Oh—" Tom caught himself just in time to swallow what must have been a very brim-stony morsel.

"Say it, do. I don't care if it isn't exactly fit for publication. The two biggest bores in the whole of Greater New York."

"Couldn't you leave out Brooklyn and Hoboken?"

"Don't interrupt, Tom. I didn't sit next Mr. Tompkins at the Westleys' dinner for nothing, and they are pig-headed enough to have anything we say against their liking it out here act as a further spur to induce them to try it."

There was a pause for a moment, then Mrs. Bentley broke out again: "I simply cannot stand having them here. I will sell out rather than spend my summers next door to that high-pitched voice and all-pervading personality."

Tom's only answer was a groan and the consoling remark that they would probably come down immediately, and having once seen the place— The rest was silence.

Mrs. Tom sat thinking desperately. Suddenly an intent expression ended in an infec-



tious chuckle of amusement. "Tom, sit up and listen to me. I am going to ask the Tompkinses down, over next Thursday night, to see the place."

"Well, I'll be hanged, Georgiana Bentley! Ask them down? Deliberately put your head in the lion's mouth?"

"My head is perfectly competent to take care of itself, thank you, Thomas, and my faculties are in good working order. I am going to have Samuel and that impossible wife of his down here next Thursday; and I'll bet you your next winter's supply of Scotch whiskey against a new gown that you can offer them that land the next morning and they will refuse to take it."

"My dear girl, you're crazy, but you have aroused my sporting spirit, and I'll take you up."

"You had better reserve your comments until after next Thursday. All you have to do is to come down with them, on the six two train, and, no matter what happens after you get here, say nothing. If you do—" An eloquent pause finished the sentence more effectively than any words.

"That's all right, but why must I be inflicted not only with them but with the worst train on the road?"

"Thomas Bentley, that is something I leave for you to solve," and as Mrs. Bentley disappeared through the French window into the library there floated back, "I think I'll have black velvet, with an Irish yoke."

Thursday came, and a few moments before six Mrs. Bentley drove up to the station at Belle Cliff, to meet her expected guests. Hers was the only trap waiting, for the train patronized by the sophisticated members of the community was an express and arrived

"SAY IT, DO. I DON'T CARE IF IT ISN'T EXACTLY FIT FOR PUBLICATION"

some fifteen minutes later, while this, as Mr. Bentley had justly commented to his wife the week before, was the slowest train on the road.

When it finally pulled into the station no one would have guessed from Mrs. Bentley's cordial greetings her real attitude as to the outcome of the visit. "I am so glad you could come and see for yourself. It is so hard to decide unless you do."

Mrs. Bentley drove her guests past the road usually taken from the station and into one so rough and sandy that driving over it was anything but a pleasure. They were soon enveloped in a cloud of dust, but Mrs. Bentley chatted on along the lines of polite commonplace, with no hint in her manner that this was anything but the regular thoroughfare to the village. She knew well that among Mr. Tompkins's requirements was a perfect road, on which to drive his carefully selected and expensive horses to and from the train.

After a short drive through the less attractive parts of Belle Cliff, Mrs. Bentley brought her trap with its two smart horses round by a side street, carefully avoiding the long, shaded avenue that gave a mellow and delightfully New England aspect to that part of the village selected by the Bentleys and their friends. Dusk had finally settled when they

The Means and the End

reached the house, and very little of the surroundings could be seen by the Tompkinses.

"We have asked one or two friends in to meet you at dinner; I want to give you some idea of the charms of the people, as well as the place," remarked Mrs. Bentley as she ushered the Tompkinses to their room.

Mr. Bentley's admiration for his wife's sagacity was only tempered by the prospect of a very dull evening when she finally told him who were the guests invited. Little Mrs.

festivity went beyond Mrs. Bentley's hopes. Mr. Tompkins's loud-voiced platitudes beat against the door of little Mrs. Thayer's self-effacing timidity with absolutely no impression until an expression of despair finally settled over his florid countenance. In the meantime, Mr. Winyard, urged on by the sympathetic questions of the much-amused Mrs. Bentley, was expounding his favorite theory of the utter mediocrity of all things obtainable in and about Belle Cliff.

Mr. Bentley's opinion of his wife's inge-



THEY WERE SOON ENVELOPED IN A CLOUD OF DUST

Thayer, mouselike in her general appearance, very much afraid of the sound of her own voice, and colorless in every way, was to be paired off with Mr. Tompkins, whose tastes in every particular were as loud as the voice with which he expressed them. Mr. Winyard was a man to whom life was one long opportunity to protest against it, and the place he was living in at the moment was distinguished mainly by being the one spot he would prefer to be away from. After careful deliberation he had been selected as a suitable dinner companion for Mrs. Tompkins.

The success of this painstakingly planned

nuity was strengthened with each new development. A bored expression was beginning to steal over the faces of their guests, an expression which even a number of years of clinging to the lower rungs of the social ladder had not taught them to conceal. Finally Mrs. Bentley interrupted Mr. Winyard's monologue on the utter degeneration of the entire suburban service on the road to Belle Cliff.

"I fear you will prejudice Mrs. Tompkins, Mr. Winyard," she said. "They are thinking of coming here to build."

"Oh, I like to look at all sides of a ques-

tion," hastily put in Mrs. Tompkins. "Besides, we are looking at a number of places, and have almost decided on the north shore of Long Island."

The Bentleys wanted very much to look at each other, but didn't quite dare; the moment was too crucial, and they both possessed a sense of humor too highly developed for comfort at times.

After what seemed a desperately long time in the drawing-room, Mrs. Thayer and Mr. Winyard departed, and the Bentleys said a cordial good night to their guests.

"Tom," remarked his wife when they were finally left in peace, "I fear the good night I just wished the admirable Samuel and his charming wife won't materialize."

"Why not? Any bad dreams in the contract?" asked her husband.

"No, not exactly," replied Mrs. Tom,



EXPOUNDED HIS FAVORITE THEORY

"but I heard Mrs. Tompkins say the one thing she couldn't put up with was mosquitoes."

"Well, there are very few here, and none in the house certainly."

"Thomas, I have had the wire screens out all the evening, with a bright light on the dressing-table; and, you mark my words, every sociable mosquito for miles around will be among those present."

"Poor creatures! You certainly have done it, and incidentally them, up brown," ejaculated Mr. Bentley.

The next morning, after a hurried and typically suburban breakfast, the Tompkinses were taken to the station over the same road. Mr. Bentley went in on the train with them, and about four hours later Mrs. Bentley received a telegram which read,

Any gown you please at my expense.

TOM.



A HURRIED AND TYPICALLY SUBURBAN BREAKFAST

The Sad Case of Mr. Slumsky

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by William R. Leigh



HEN the course of love runs wrong some men strive to drown their grief in work, some in drink, and some in that gloomy sorrow that finds a natural expression in deeds of self-abnegation. Drink, if indulged in within the bounds of moderation, is said by many who have tried it to be the best. Wilfred Blake chose gloomy sorrow, and when Blue Eyes shook her dainty head and declared, in sad tones, that she could love him only as a sister, Wilfred took a room in the Ghetto, and plunged heart and soul into the task of uplifting the poor and lowly children of Israel, whose life, he decided, was even more desolate and distressing than his own. The children of Israel, by the way, had been waiting over three thousand years for Wilfred.

"To cheer them with words of kindness, to point out to them the beauty of the higher, intellectual life, to encourage them to read and study, to instruct them in hygienic laws, to help them to develop their natures, and to relieve distress wherever I find it"—such was the task that Wilfred Blake imposed upon himself. Deep down in the caverns of unconscious cerebration lay the consoling thought that when Blue Eyes heard of his noble struggle against overwhelming odds and his martyrdom in the cause of humanity she would be sorry that she had not been more than a sister to him.

His mother smiled indulgently. When a mother has an income ample to support her through life and an only son upon whom to lavish all her interest and affection, she is apt to smile indulgently upon all his heroic resolutions so long as he does not leave the city or take a wife. Whether he goes in for automobile racing or settlement work is usually immaterial.

The work began auspiciously. Wilfred had hardly completed the arrangement of

the luxurious furniture in his Orchard Street room when the shrill tones of an excited discussion attracted him to the window. Upon the sidewalk below two lads, perhaps ten or twelve years of age, faced each other in the attitude of angry belligerents.

"You couldn't do it. The law says it," said one.

"I can so," retorted the other. "You ain't the law."

"You couldn't—couldn't—couldn't!"

"I could—could—could!"

"Couldn't—couldn't—couldn't!"

"Do you go for to say I'm a liar?"

"Sure you are!"

The next moment a howling child of Israel fled down the street, holding a hand to his eye and crying, "I'm going to tell your father!"

Wilfred, hastily descending to the street, found the victor glaring fiercely at his retreating antagonist.

"What's the trouble, boy?" he asked kindly.

Two big, brown eyes turned appealingly to his. "He said I couldn't go for to be president of the United States when I was a man. I could so, couldn't I?"

"Where were you born?" asked Wilfred, smiling.

"In Delancey Street."

"Of course you can be president. Any boy who is born in the United States is eligible to be elected president. But you shouldn't strike a boy simply because he contradicts you."

"He said I was a liar, so I soaked him one."

Wilfred hesitated. It was plainly his duty to point out to the lad the error of his way and to urge him to control his temper. And yet "liar" was such an ugly epithet—how could he help resenting it? Perhaps it were better to begin with the other lad and teach him to refrain from calling people such opprobrious names. At any rate, here was

a lad who might give him some valuable information.

"What is your name, boy?" he asked.

"Slumsky—Ike Slumsky. What's yours?"

"Er—my name is Mr. Blake. Tell me, where do you live—with your parents? What does your father do?"

"My papa got a butcher store by De-lancey Street, and my sister is saleslady on Grand Street. Are you a reporter?"

"No. Do you get enough to eat at home?"

The lad shook his head. "No. Never. Only when I gets a birthday. Are you a board o' health?"

"No. But if you will bring your father to see me this evening I will give you ten cents for yourself. Tell him I would like to speak with him."

The boy drew back, worried. "You ain't by the settleminks, are you?"

"The what?" asked Wilfred, puzzled.

"The settleminks," repeated the lad, "the big house where the men and ladies is from up-town who make visits by us."

"Oh, the settlement! No, I'm not from the settlement. I live up-stairs by myself. Just tell your father that a gentleman wishes to see him and that it may be to his advantage to call on me."

"It is easy to see," reflected Wilfred, later, "that these people are very suspicious of those who wish to help them. They probably have had many disappointing experiences. I must be very tactful. Above all, I must disarm all suspicion and win their confidence if I hope to accomplish anything."

Late that afternoon Master Ike Slumsky appeared alone. "Papa says what do you want?"

Wilfred frowned. "What did you tell him?"

"I said you was for to give me a dime if I brung him here."

"Well," reflected Wilfred, "Mohammed went to the mountain; I will go to the butcher shop."

Ike Slumsky led him to an exceedingly tiny establishment the front of which was gorgeously emblazoned with Hebrew lettering. The proprietor, a keen-eyed, wizened-faced, gray-bearded little man, sat in front of his store, reading a Yiddish newspaper.

"This is Mr. Slumsky?" asked Wilfred in his most affable tone.

"Papa don't go for to speak English.

Me and Mamie speaks it. Papa speaks Jewish."

As Wilfred's knowledge of the jargon of the East Side was confined to "kosher" and "mezumeh," there remained nothing to do but to make use of Ike as interpreter. Wilfred had, after careful thought, decided upon the course he would pursue.

"Tell your father," he said, "that I have come to this neighborhood to study the people and their customs. And while I'm here I am going to buy my meat of him. I would like very much if he would tell me something about the people who live around here."

Ike plunged into a torrent of Yiddish, to which his father listened with eager attention. Then came a long, long reply, and Wilfred drew a gold lead-pencil from his pocket preparatory to making notes.

"He says," Ike finally translated, "that he got only kosher meat, and most people on the block buys by him. Only some buy by Meliansky on Essex Street because he's cheaper, but he ain't kosher excepting lamb. He ain't got kosher chickens and geese. He says he's got a fine chicken you can have cheap."

"Poor, benighted creature!" thought Wilfred. "Not a thought above the selling of meat. And yet it is probably his poverty that makes him so sordid."

With infinite pains he tried to make clear to Mr. Slumsky, through the mediation of Ike, that the purchase of a chicken was not his immediate object, but that he was eager to learn something of the neighborhood.

"Tell your father," he said, "that I am deeply pained to learn that you do not get enough to eat. Is his business bad?"

Ike omitted the first remark, but in reply to the second repeated his father's somewhat excited answer.

"Business is terrible bad, he says. He wants to know if you make taxes."

Wilfred might, perhaps, have given up the case of Mr. Slumsky in despair if a dapper young man with a bright red scarf had not appeared upon the scene at that moment and taken prompt part in the conversation. The dapper young man, by the way, kept smoking cigarettes as fast as his lungs could work.

"Vot's der matter?" he asked, with cheerful inquisitiveness.

"Do you speak Yiddish?" asked Wilfred.

The Sad Case of Mr. Slumsky

"Sure! Chust as goot as English. Vot's der matter?"

Wilfred explained his object, and a twinkle of amused comprehension shone in the young man's eyes.

"Sure I understand," he said. "You vant to done him some goot. Yes. He needs it bad. Sa-a-ay!" he whispered confidentially into Wilfred's ear, "dot poor old man hass not a cent got. Der little boy don't get noddings to eat. He hass a daughter vot iss a beauty, but der poor t'ing iss always hungry. Unt der old man iss such a ignorance! My, he nefer had a education at all!"

Wilfred's heart began to beat in joyful tumult. By lucky chance he had found, at the very outset, a perfectly ideal case.

"But how can I speak with him? I do not know a word of Yiddish. And, besides, he will naturally be somewhat suspicious and may not be frank with me."

The dapper young man scratched his head. Then his face lit up.

"Sa-a-ay! I tell you vot to do! You gif him a couple uf dollars, unt den I send a man here vot iss a goot friends uf his unt speaks English as goot as me."

Wilfred nodded and as the dapper young man departed, taking Ike with him, he gave Mr. Slumsky a five-dollar bill. Mr. Slumsky stared at the money, stared at Wilfred, and then shouted after the dapper young man in Yiddish. The young man shouted back in the same tongue, and Mr. Slumsky gazed at Wilfred with awe. He went into the store and brought out another chair which he carefully wiped with his shirt-sleeve and motioned to Wilfred to take. Wilfred was greatly pleased to see that he had won the butcher's confidence and was quite impatient for the arrival of the interpreter. He was eager to investigate the sad case of Mr. Slumsky.

Mr. Slumsky pointed to the sky. "Fine!" said he.

"Yes," replied Wilfred. "It's a beautiful day." Then Mr. Slumsky's gaze, which had been wandering over Wilfred's person, fastened itself upon a magnificent pearl scarf-pin that he wore. He pointed to it.

"Fine!" said he, smiling approvingly.

"Rather nice," said Wilfred. The butcher drew a pencil from his pocket and wrote on the margin of his newspaper,

"\$500."

Wilfred reddened, but, upon reflection,

the thought came to him: "Poor fellow! I really ought not to blame him for his curiosity. It is wrong to flaunt such evidence of wealth before his hungry eyes." He determined to lay the pin aside as soon as he reached his room.

He took the newspaper and wrote on the margin, "\$100," which was not true but which, he thought, might arouse less envy. Mr. Slumsky smiled and shook his head, but Wilfred was not clear whether it was over his extravagance or in mild depreciation of the low valuation. Then there arrived a tall, patriarchal-looking man of dignified mien whom Mr. Slumsky greeted with great reverence. He bowed courteously to Wilfred.

"I understand," he said in excellent English, with but the faintest trace of a foreign accent, "that you want some one to interpret for you. I am at your service."

Wilfred explained the situation to the man. "I have come over here," he said, "to learn something of the life on the East Side and to do what little I can to improve it."

"It is a great task," said the man, smiling. "It will require many years of careful study and hard work to accomplish anything."

"I am sure you are right," said Wilfred. "And I intend to devote my life to it. By merest accident I became acquainted with the circumstances of this good man here, and it occurred to me that he is the very one to give me a start in my knowledge of suffering and of ignorance on the East Side."

The old man nodded gravely. "You could not have selected a better man," he said. "Mr. Slumsky has lived here a great many years and is intimately acquainted with the neighborhood. And I can assure you he has had his share of suffering and of want. My name, if you will permit me, is Delitsky—Rabbi Delitsky."

A young woman—or, rather, a girl, for she was hardly more than eighteen—with beautiful brown eyes and soft, olive complexion approached the group, paused to kiss Mr. Slumsky, and entered the store.

"That is his daughter," said the rabbi. "A beautiful girl, is she not?"

"Indeed she is," said Wilfred enthusiastically. "A perfect beauty. What a pity that such a girl has to work in a store for her living!"

The rabbi was about to reply when Mr. Slumsky interrupted him.



"VOT'S DER MATTER?" HE ASKED, WITH CHEERFUL INQUISITIVENESS

"He says," the rabbi translated, "that he would like us both to stay for supper. He says we will have to take pot-luck, but he is anxious to give you whatever information he can."

Wilfred gladly accepted. Here, by rarest good luck, was the best opportunity he could ever expect to find to become familiar with home life on the East Side. Mr. Slumsky led them through his store into a rear room where, despite the meagerness of the furniture and decorations, the cheapness of the carpet, and the crudeness of the chairs, everything shone with cleanliness. The room, however, was somewhat close.

"I have heard," said Wilfred to the rabbi, "that even in the mildest weather

they always keep all windows closed over here on the East Side. I shall try to impress upon them the importance of fresh air. It is the most valuable of all hygienic precautions against disease. I wish you would tell Mr. Slumsky that I think he should keep all his windows open as much as he can. Pure air costs nothing and will do him a world of good."

When this was translated to Mr. Slumsky he promptly opened all the windows in the room, and Wilfred filled his lungs with the fresh air that blew in. Mr. Slumsky followed his example, but promptly began to cough. At this moment the young woman appeared with a basin of water, which she placed upon a chair beside Wilfred.

"It is the custom among Jews," explained the rabbi, smiling, "to wash the hands before each meal."

When Ike had arrived, dirty-faced and panting from his play, the meal began, and Mrs. Slumsky, a large and good-natured-looking woman, placed a steaming tureen of soup upon the table.

"Tell me," asked Wilfred of the daughter, "do you have to work very hard?"

"Oh, dear, yes! This is the busy season, and I have to work nearly fourteen hours a day. But it will not last long, and when the hot weather begins we lay off most of the employees."

"Poor thing!" thought Wilfred. "To slave, probably for a mere pittance, and then to be ruthlessly thrown out of employment the moment the busy season passes."

"Ask Mr. Slumsky," he said presently to the rabbi, "if it never occurred to him to go away from New York, to look for employment in the country. Take Texas, for instance, or any of the Western states, where there are thousands upon thousands of square miles of fertile soil waiting only for labor to develop it; would it not be better to settle there among healthy surroundings than to waste his whole life in the squalor of the East Side?"

The rabbi, with a twinkle in his eyes, translated the question to Mr. Slumsky. And Mr. Slumsky smiled.

"He says he's healthy enough," translated the rabbi. "And he thinks the poorest butcher shop in New York is better than life in the wilderness. Out there he would have no synagogue and no neighbors of his own race. Besides, there is a better chance to make money in New York than anywhere else."

"What is his ambition?" asked Wilfred. "Ask him what he would like to do."

Mr. Slumsky, when the question was put to him, rolled his eyes ceilingward and placed his hands upon his breast.

"He says the ambition of his life is to live up-town in a fine house and have a big meat business that his son can look after when he is grown up—a wholesale business; and to have his daughter marry a rich man who knows the Talmud and is very pious."

Wilfred observed that the daughter had grown quite red and had lowered her eyes in confusion.

"I should think," he remarked laugh-

ingly, "that the last would be much easier than the first."

"I don't think so," said the girl, smiling. "The nice young men nowadays do not seem to be very pious, and I never hear them talking about the Talmud."

"What is the Talmud, anyway?" asked Wilfred. "I have often heard about it, but never had a very clear idea as to what it is."

"I have a book," said the rabbi, smiling, "that I will be very glad to send to you. It begins with that very question, 'What is the Talmud?' and the rest of the two or three hundred pages are devoted to answering the question. Of course it is not absolutely complete, but it will give you a pretty fair idea of what the Talmud is."

Wilfred had finished his plate of soup, and the table had been cleared.

"I want more soup!" Ike began to wail to his sister.

"Hush!" she whispered. "There is no more."

Wilfred felt a lump rise in his throat. "Great heavens!" he thought. "To think that these people can live on one plate of soup for a meal! And that poor, hungry lad! And that beautiful creature going to bed hungry every night! Terrible! Oh, monstrous!"

Just then, however, Mrs. Slumsky appeared with a huge dish of boiled fish, with a sugary sauce teeming with raisins.

"Ah!" thought Wilfred. "He has probably spent a portion of the money I gave him to prepare a special meal in my honor. I am glad, intensely glad, for the little boy's sake."

The fish was good—amazingly good, Wilfred thought—but more delightful still was the avidity with which little Ike devoured his share.

"I want some more fish!" he then proceeded to wail.

"Keep still!" admonished his sister. "Don't you see that there is no more?"

Wilfred, however, had begun to lose his sympathy for the lad. A plate of soup and a hearty portion of fish were as much as he had ever been permitted to eat at that age. It was not good to give children too much to eat before bedtime. But when, a few minutes later, Mrs. Slumsky appeared with a tremendous dish of roast meat and dumplings, and Ike, after finishing three slices of meat and devouring four dumplings, began to whimper for more, Wilfred thought of the



"ASK MR. SLUMSKY, PLEASE," HE SAID TO THE RABBI, "IF HE WOULD MIND TELLING ME HOW MUCH RENT HE PAYS"

boy who had incurred Ike's resentment by calling him a liar and wondered if, perhaps, the boy might not have been right.

"Ask Mr. Slumsky, please," he said to the rabbi, "if he would mind telling me how much rent he pays."

In reply to this question Mr. Slumsky opened his eyes and jabbered volubly in Yiddish.

"He pays no rent," translated the rabbi. "You see, he owns this house and is his own janitor."

"Owns the house?" repeated Wilfred faintly. "This house?"

Mr. Slumsky began to jabber more.

"He says if you want to live in this neighborhood he has an apartment all furnished that you can have very cheap, and he will be glad to give you all the information he can."

Mr. Slumsky still jabbered.

"Or, if you would prefer to live in one of

the side streets, he has a house in Orchard Street."

Wilfred turned his face toward the window to allow the cool breeze which was blowing into the room to clear his reeling faculties.

"But—but why does his daughter work so hard?" he asked presently. The question was repeated to Mr. Slumsky, who, with a shrewd glance at his daughter, jabbered.

"It is his brother's store," the rabbi translated. "She doesn't have to work if she doesn't want to, but his brother's wife has a nephew who is manager there and—"

The daughter, blushing furiously, rose and left the table. Her father and brother and the rabbi laughed, but Wilfred did not laugh. He glared at Ike.

"Didn't you tell me that you don't get enough to eat?" he demanded.

Ike's lips began to tremble, on the verge

The Sad Case of Mr. Slumsky

of crying. "Mum-mum-mama never gives me no pies except when I gets a birthday. I want a pie. Boohoo!" And he burst into a wail.

His father rose to his feet. "Pies!" exclaimed Mr. Slumsky, evidently familiar with the word. "Pies!" And he boxed his offspring's ear, and then jabbered.

"He says," explained the rabbi, "that the little rascal is always crying for a pie, and every time he eats one he becomes quite ill."

Mr. Slumsky took the rabbi by the arm and poured forth a stream of eager Yiddish. The rabbi smiled.

"He says you told him you paid one hundred dollars for your scarf-pin. He thinks it is worth a great deal more. He says he is an honest man and would not take advantage of you, but if you want to sell

it he will give you two hundred dollars for it."

Mr. Slumsky hurriedly added another outburst.

"In cash," said the rabbi.

"Tell him I thank him," said Wilfred coldly, "but I do not care to sell it. I think I will go now."

"You must come to see me," said the rabbi. "I will be very glad to be of assistance to you in your work on the East Side."

As Wilfred was leaving he turned to the rabbi.

"Who was the young man," he asked, "who offered to send you here this afternoon?"

"His name is—is—I declare I have forgotten it. Mr. Slumsky will know."

Mr. Slumsky jabbered.



HE OPENED IT HASTILY. "SHE IS VERY UNHAPPY. MOTHER."

"Rogofsky—that's it," said the rabbi.
"Mr. Slumsky says he is the nephew of his brother's wife."

Wilfred looked up and down the street for the nephew of Mr. Slumsky's brother's wife but could not find him. He sighed.

"And I gave that butcher five dollars!" He groaned. "Ah-h-h ker-choo!" he sneezed. "Confound it!" he muttered. "I'll bet I've caught a cold sitting by that open window."

It was a forlorn, disheartened philanthropist that returned to the beautifully furnished apartment in Orchard Street. It was a sad and disappointed missionary that threw himself wearily upon a couch and he might, perhaps, have soon fallen asleep, had not his eyes fallen upon a letter that lay on his table. He opened it hastily.

"I think you had better call on her without delay. She is very unhappy. Mother."



The House of Life

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ALL wondering and eager-eyed, within her portico,
I made my plea to Hostess Life, one morning long ago.

"Pray show me this great house of thine, nor close a single door;
But let me wander where I will, and climb from floor to floor,

"For many rooms, and curious things, and treasures great and small.
Here in this spacious mansion lie, and I would see them all."

Then Hostess Life turned silently, her searching gaze on me,
And with no word she reached her hand and offered up the key.

It opened first the door of Hope, and long I lingered there;
Until I spied the Room of Dreams, just higher by a stair.

And then a door, whereon the one word "Happiness" was writ;
But when I tried the little key I could not make it fit.

It turned the lock of Pleasure's room, wherein all seemed so bright.
But after I had stayed a while it somehow lost its light.

And wandering down a lonely hall I came upon a room
Marked "Duty," and I entered it, to lose myself in gloom.

Along the shadowy walls I groped my weary way about,
And found that from dull Duty's room the door of Toil led out.

It led out to another door, whereon a crimson stain
Made sullenly, against the dark, the words, "The Room of Pain."

But oh, the light, the light, the light, that spilled down from above!
And upward wound the stairs of faith, right to the Tower of Love.

And when I came forth from that place I tried the little key,
And lo! the door of Happiness swung open wide and free.

Magazine Shop-Talk

WE wish we might reply personally to every one of our readers who was kind enough to comply with the request in the August Shop-Talk for an expression of what they liked best and least in that issue. But we take this means of thanking them and of saying that they have put us in possession of a vast amount of valuable information by which we hope to profit. We think you'll notice the difference.

The November Cosmopolitan

OF COURSE everybody didn't say that "Undine Adrift" was the best story in the number, but nearly everybody did and asked for more of Mr. Rowland. Therefore it will be welcome news that the promised serial begins in the November COSMOPOLITAN. We've spoken of this before—"The Romance Syndicate"—how four friends determine to find out whether romance is dead in the world and what they *did* find out. Their narratives are the best stories of love and adventure we've read in many a day, and with the charming romance of Undine in mind you have some idea of what to expect. The illustrations are by Gordon Grant.

THE LEADING ARTICLE in November is of extraordinary interest. Hudson Maxim, the great scientist and inventor, describes "Man's Machine-Made Millennium"—a wonderful forecast of the future, describing the coming daily life of human beings if the present rate of mechanical, economic, and humanitarian development is kept up. The picture staggers the most

vivid imagination, and William R. Leigh has made some equally striking drawings to accompany the text.

IN A CORNER of our Southwestern land where the level prairie is one vast sea of maize and alfalfa are two youthful towns—Farwell in the Panhandle of Texas and Texico across the invisible border in New Mexico. The contrasting stories of these two little communities are very well worth the telling, for they show how the right influences have come to prevail in the development of this great region. Eleanor Gates, that charming writer and faithful portrayer of the West, tells it all in a delightful article, "Stealing a Border Town."

And she has procured some unique photographs for illustration.

OTHER ARTICLES include the popular "Owners of America" and a valuable and timely essay by Lida A. Churchill entitled, "Our Usable Occult Forces." What do we know about the mysterious power that all of us possess in some degree? And what can we do with it? We are sure that Miss Churchill's article will prove of the greatest interest to every reader of the magazine.

AMONG THE SHORT stories in November are a charming "Aunt Jane" story, "The Marriage Problem in Goshen," by Eliza Calvert Hall, "The Looking Out of Faro Nell," by Alfred Henry Lewis, and "A Deal in Graveyards," by Charles P. Norcross. "Passers-By," the great Anthony Partridge serial, reaches an exciting and mystifying climax in the November COSMOPOLITAN.



ILLUSTRATION BY G. PATRICK NELSON
FOR "THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM IN
GOSHEN"

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Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

The Rise and Fall of the Aeroplane

THE craze for flying [wrote the Future Historian] seems to have culminated in the year 1917—corresponding to our 369 Before Smith. In that year the aeroplane (a word of unknown derivation) was almost the sole means by which the ancients went from where they were to where they were not. These flying-machines were so simple and cheap that one who had not a spare half-hour in which to make one could afford to purchase. The price for a one-man machine was about two dollars—one-tenth of a gobble. Double-seated ones were of course a little more costly. No other kinds were allowed by law, for, as was quaintly explained by a chronicler of the period, “a man has a right to break his own neck, and that of his wife, but not those of his children and friends.” It had been learned by experiment that for transportation of goods and for use in war the aeroplane was without utility. (Of balloons, dirigible and indirigible, we hear nothing after 1910; the price of gas, controlled by a single international corporation, made them impossible.)

From extant fragments of Jopplecopper’s “History of Invention” it appears that in America alone there were in 1916 no fewer than twenty million aeroplanes in use. In and about the great cities the air was so crowded with them and collisions resulting in falls were so frequent that prudent persons neither ventured to use them nor dared to go out of cover. As a poet of the time expressed it:

With falling fools so thick the sky is filled
That wise men walk abroad but to be killed.
Small comfort that the fool, too, dies in falling,

For he’d have starved betimes in any calling.
The earth is spattered red with their remains:
Blood, flesh, bone, gristle—everything but brains.

The reaction from this disagreeable state of affairs seems to have been brought about by a combination of causes. First, the fierce animosities engendered by the perils to pedestrians and “motorists”—a word of disputed meaning. So savage did this hostility become that firing at aeroplanes in flight, with the newly invented silent rifle, grew to the character of a national custom. Dimshouck has found authority for the statement that in a single day three thousand aeronauts fell from the heavens into the streets of Nebraska, the capital of Chocago, victims of popular disfavor; and a writer of that time relates, not altogether lucidly, the finding on a roof in Ohio of the bodies of “the Wright brothers, each pierced with bullets from hip to shoulder, and without other marks of identification.”

Second in importance of these adverse conditions was the natural disposition of the ancients to tire of whatever had engaged their enthusiasm—the fickleness that had led to abandonment of the bicycle, of republican government, of baseball, and of respect for women. In the instance of the aeroplane this “tired feeling,” as it was called, was probably somewhat intensified by the rifle-practice mentioned.

Third, invention of the electrical leg. As a means of going from place to place the ancients had from the earliest ages of history relied largely on the wheel. Just how they applied it, not in stationary machinery, as we do ourselves, but as an aid to locomotion, we cannot now hope to know, for all the literature of the subject has perished; but it was evidently a crude and clumsy device, giving a speed of less than two hundred miles (four and a half prastams) an hour, even on roadways specially provided with rails for its rapid revolution.

Small Contributions

We know, too, that wheels produced an intolerable jolting of the body, whereby many died of a disease known as therapeutics. Indeed, a certain class of persons who probably travelled faster than others came to be called "rough riders," and for their sufferings were compensated by appointment to the most lucrative offices in the gift of the sovereign. Small wonder that the men of that day hailed the aeroplane with intemperate enthusiasm and used it with insupportable immoderation!

But when in 1918 (B. S. 368) the younger Eddy invented that supreme space-conquering device, the electrical leg, and within six months perfected it to virtually what it is today, the necessity for flight no longer existed. The aeroplane ended its brief and bloody reign, a discredited and discarded toy—was "sent to the scrap-heap," as one of our brightest and most original modern wits has expressed it. The wheel followed it into oblivion, whither the horse had preceded it, and Civilization lifted her virgin fires as a dawn in Eden, and like Cytherea leading her moonrise troop of nymphs and graces, literally legged it o'er the land!

The Writer Folk

MR. YONI NOGUCHI'S English prose is of the kind that one does not write if one has a choice in the matter, but he thinks with clarity and point. Concerning the late Lafcadio Hearn and the little tempest that has lately been roaring round his character, Mr. Noguchi says, "It is perfectly appalling to observe in the Western countries that when one dies his friends have to rush to print his private letters, and even an unexpected person volunteers to speak as his best friend, and presumes to write his biography." No, this is not good prose (barring that "unexpected person," which is delicious), but it is good sense and righteous judgment. The simple truth is that publication of letters not written for publication is *prima-jacie* evidence of rascality in the person doing so; and it makes no difference whether the writer of the letters is dead or living. The person who does this thing supplies the strongest presumptive evidence against himself, and is to be held guilty, unless he can offset it with positive proof of the hardest thing in all the world to prove—an untainted intention, taking no account of gain, glory, or gratification of a public appetite. It is an appetite to which there is no honorable purveyance.

AMONG THE MEN who nominated Mr. Taft was George Ade, who made his fame in slang and lost it in English. Mr. Ade is new to politics, but he is said to have taken a good deal of attention in Chicago when he walked down the aisle by acclamation.

IF EVER the desolating question recently revived by no less fierce a controversialist than Doctor Furness—Did Lady Macbeth drink?—is settled one way or the other I should like to propound another, Was there a Lady Macbeth? Perhaps it is irrelevant and immaterial, but I once knew a similar question to fall "like the hush and beauty of the night" upon an animated wrangle regarding the insanity of Hamlet.

LOVERS OF POE will do well to be as happy as they can during the remaining months of 1908, for 1909 will be the centennial of his "most immemorial year"—the one in which he was born; so we shall have an intolerable deal of writing about his life and character. True, one is not compelled to do any of it, nor to read it, but it will infect the air with a particular dejection. Questions of Poe's life and character have not the faintest interest to any sane mind. If they might be considered *res adjudicata*, all such minds would thankfully accept the judgment, nor seek to disturb it, whatever it might be. It would not affect, for better or for worse, a single line of his work.

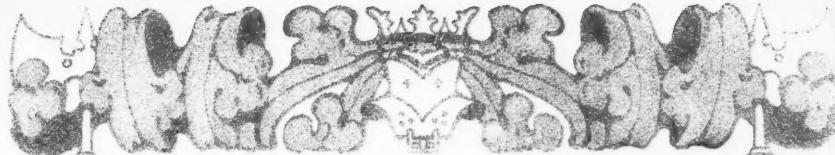
IN THE LAMENTED DEATH of Joel Chandler Harris the loss to literature is a different kind of loss from that which literature is commonly believed to have suffered. It appears to be agreed that the "Uncle Remus" stories are his best work, and that they have a particular value as negro folk-lore; there have been as many assertions to that effect as the total number of critics who know nothing of negro folk-lore—more, for some of them have made it many times. The "Uncle Remus" stories are good reading; they have no other value, and need none. Their author was not a student and investigator. He was just a writer, and wrote these things out of his head, as "folklore" is commonly, and preferably, written. Harris's chief service to literature in these tales was in recording the negro dialect of his time and place; nobody else has had so true an ear for it, nor so great skill in putting it upon paper with the clumsy and disobedient means that our alphabet supplies.

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Loyalty

By Elbert Hubbard

LOYALTY is that quality which prompts a person to be true to the thing he undertakes. It means definite direction, fixity of purpose, steadfastness. Loyalty supplies power, poise, purpose, ballast, and works for health and success.

Nature helps the loyal man. If you are careless, slipshod, indifferent, nature assumes that you wish to be a nobody and grants your desire.

Success hinges on loyalty. Be true to your art, your business, your employer, your "house."

Loyalty is for the one who is loyal. It is a quality woven through the very fabric of one's being, and never a thing apart. Loyalty makes the thing to which you are loyal yours. Disloyalty removes it from you. Whether anyone knows of our disloyalty is really of little moment, either one way or the other. The real point is, how does it affect ourselves?

Work is for the worker. Love is for the lover. Art is for the artist.

The menial is a man who is disloyal to his work.

All useful service is raised to the plane of art when love for the task—loyalty—is fused with the effort.

No man ever succeeded in business, or can, who "wears the dial off the clock." Such a one may not be disloyal—he may be merely unloyal; but he is always ripe for a lay-off and always imagines some one has it in for him.

And he is right—everybody and everything, including Fate and Destiny, Clio and Nemesis, has it in for him. The only man who goes unscathed is the one who is loyal to himself by being loyal to others.

Loyalty is the great lubricant in life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative. The man who is loyal to his work is not wrung nor perplexed by doubts—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders he goes down a hero with colors flying at the masthead and the band playing.

The hospitals, jails, and asylums and sanitariums are full of disloyal people—folks who have been disloyal to friends, society business, work. Stick! and if you quit, quit to tackle a harder job. God is on the side of the loyal.

